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Collier's

WEEKLY



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PUBLISHERS OF THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

George Zayas

WALTER DAVENPORT
Mr. Roosevelt's Congress

• **DAMON RUNYON**
Lonely Heart

THE SPIRIT OF OLD KENTUCKY

CUMBERLAND GAP, the gateway through which the pioneers entered Kentucky to enact the early history of this famous state

We are KENTUCKY PIONEERS, too!

There still are pioneers in Kentucky. Among them, and by no means least, are the folks who make Kentucky's famous whiskies. One Kentucky family, engaged in the development of this art since 1872 ...today owns and operates one of Kentucky's largest distilleries, Glenmore.

Glenmore's GLENMORE, Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, is one gleaming milestone in this development. This full bodied, full flavored whiskey is so smooth it can be bottled at the same high proof as the most expensive whiskies—100 proof, full strength, full value!



—6-year-old, bottled-in-bond, 100 Proof Straight Bourbon Whiskey.



A Blend of Kentucky Straight Whiskies. 90 Proof.



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 90 Proof.

Glenmore's Glenmore

Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville—Owensboro, Kentucky

Founded on Public Confidence



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Future Link in the Vassar Daisy Chain can't afford to take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"

Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

LOVELINESS is so important when you're 20—and few in her college class will be more engaging than this young lady. For already she is paving the way toward a perfect smile...irresistible as only a lovely smile can be. Today—even before college has entered her mind—she's learned the importance of massage to sound teeth and healthy gums!

In thousands of schools you'll find teachers drilling their pupils in this sensible *dental health* routine. For our modern soft foods do rob our gums of work—do deny them the exercise they need for perfect health. Naturally gums grow tender—and finally, flash their sensitiveness, their tenderness—with that warning tinge of "pink."

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your brush—see your dentist. It may be the first warning of a serious den-

tal tragedy, but let your dentist be the judge. Usually, however, he'll call it "just another case of lazy gums—gums that need more work, exercise"—gums that will respond to the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums each time you brush your teeth. Gums awoken as circulation quickens. Flabby tissues respond with new life and firmness.

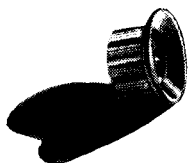
Don't let neglect of "pink tooth brush" lead you to serious gum troubles. Help protect your smile—make Ipana and massage part of your daily health routine. Give this extra help to your teeth and gums to keep your smile one of your greatest assets—brilliant, sparkling and safer!



• With classroom instructions in gum massage, thousands of modern teachers are contributing to the future soundness of their children's teeth and gums.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



Next Week

SOME cops remember faces; some never forget license tags; Cornelius Kerrigan knew women. Women were Kerrigan's job. Through them he had become a first-class detective and a cynic. It was something of a shock to Kerrigan when he discovered that he was falling in love.

The worst of it was that the girl was Susan Butler, and Kerrigan knew that Susan Butler belonged to the murderer Johnny Scarfe. There couldn't be any mistake, and he, Kerrigan, was making a fool of himself. In a tense and dramatic short story, Thomas Walsh shows you how the "Woman Expert" learned his lesson.

ONE of the gallant features of the last war consisted in the aerial duels fought high above the trenches. But they are a thing of the past. In the next war no commander will risk his planes in combat with the enemy air force. The technique has changed. Airplanes will be used to strafe civilian populations behind the lines, to cripple cities and sow gas and destruction. How do we know? There's a rehearsal going on, a "Rehearsal in Spain," watched with intent interest by the ambitious war lords of the world. They're learning fast in this school of terrorism. W. B. Courtney shows you the course.

IT WAS terrific. Z. M. Hornzer, president of Mastodon Pictures, decided he'd get himself a stable, a stable of winners. The sky was the limit. Every famous horse that could be had for love or money went to Hollywood. And there was one other horse, not famous, belonging to Sis Truden, a script girl. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan reports what happened. It was terrific.

WE'VE been pretty successful in eliminating germs from our food and milk and water, but they still float, countless and menacing, in the air. It is against this air-borne threat that medicine has now leveled its guns. J. D. Ratcliff describes the method in "Turn on the Lights."

THE luck of Captain Bull was a byword in the Green Star Line. No outrageous tempting of fortune could change it. Captain Bull always won—except the time he fell foul of his young first mate. But even there—Albert Richard Wetjen tells the story of a "Lucky Man."

HEYWOOD BROUN writes the Short Short Story, "Strip-Tease Sal." Edwin Muller, Sidney Herschel Small, George Creel, Ernest Haycox, Faith Baldwin and others complete the performance. Be sure to be on time.

This Week

January 16, 1937

Cover by George de Zayas

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Any Week

WE CAN'T remember a week when we weren't called upon to fill in five or ten questionnaires: tell what we prefer to eat, read, drink, play, see and hear; set forth what sort of life we lead when not struggling with the problem of earning a living, and what we wish we had done with what many persons seem to think is a misspent life. We try to bargain with people making these requests, offering to answer the questions if they will demonstrate wherein such information is of the slightest importance. A minor sample lies before us now. The young man desires anonymity—here, anyway. "What," asks he, "would you do if you were young, good-looking, well educated, ambitious, intellectually liberal, socially well balanced, but lacking in any distinct or discernible talent or specific gift?"



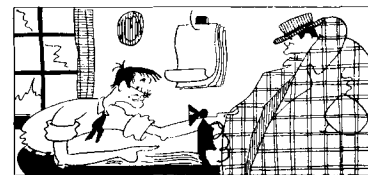
WHEN we were that young man's age we had no such doubts. We're pretty sure we weren't well educated, intellectually liberal, socially well balanced and certainly not handsome. But we had a kind of ambition which had in enthusiasm what it lacked in direction—just wanted to go somewhere and do something. If we had any gifts or talent we didn't know it. What subsequently happened to us happened; and our only contribution thereto was that we happened to be on the scene when it happened. So you see we're not the person to advise the unnamed lad above. Nor have we counsel for Mrs. Cora Nieblinger of Joplin, Missouri. Mrs. Nieblinger would like to know what to do about a daughter who "thinks of nothing but wrestling, boxing, football, hockey and dances."

FRANKLY we'd hesitate to do anything about such a young lady if we were supposed to be in charge. We're pretty certain that we'd be in the position of the bouncer at a political meeting attended by Mr. Dudley V. Haddock of Tampa, Florida. A large, bellowing heckler was making things pretty difficult for the orator, who, goaded beyond endurance, called upon the bouncer to throw the heckler out. There was a brisk and noisy session at the door. A few moments later the heckler reappeared, dusting off his hands. "Listen," he cried, addressing the orator, "your bouncer out there wants to know if you have any more orders."

YET this department could very easily become a first-rate Agony Column. All sorts of personal problems are forwarded to us for solution. "What am I to do with all this experience that I've collected at great expense and over a period of many years?" demands Lieutenant Colonel Robert Briscoe Cummerford of Nassau, British West Indies. The colonel has served the crown in India, Rhodesia, Gallipoli, British East Africa and other places too numerous to mention. He is now retired. "I am seventy-two years old," says he, "and a veritable treasure house of recollections, both dramatic and amusing. Why not retain me on a suitable fee to sit around your office—a sort of repository of splendid writing material to be dipped into when you are at your wits' end for subject matter?"

ALSO we have an appeal from Mr. Fred M. Balloum of Chicago, Illinois, for "any substantial old clothes you may be discarding which, however, do not show much wear." Such garments are being collected for "young men who have recently been married and are also going to their first wage-earning job in months but who cannot afford to buy new clothing nor afford not to look well dressed."

WHICH reminds us of the afternoon we were in the extremely modest office of a brother journalist who was having a harrowing time keeping his biweekly newspaper alive. "Brother," said he after looking us over rather admiringly, "that sure is a handsome coat you've got on. Lend it to me a couple of hours, will you? I've got to go out and hustle up a few advertising accounts."



IN OUR office at this moment sits Mr. Bill Furlong of San Antonio, Texas. He assures us that it would be a great waste of time to look for a better highway than that which connects Laredo, Texas, with Mexico City. It was opened for general travel last summer. The enthusiasm of Mr. Furlong (most appropriate name for a man who thinks of nothing but roads) is no greater than that of the motorists who have driven it. And even if it weren't as good as it is it would be worth traveling over because Mexico City is at the far end.

DON'T miss it.

A Happy New Year for Kathryn



Dear Warner: You can toss away
the memorandum of that other
phone number now as we have
one of our own! And if you
don't think I feel swell about
it, you're not the smart brother
I think you are. I get a
kick every time I pass that
telephone in the living room.

Kathryn

The number is Exchange 2376.

THAT'S a real letter—written by a real Kathryn—to her brother. You can read her happiness in every line. She's mighty glad to have the telephone back.

And so are a great many other men and women these days. About 850,000 new telephones have been installed in the past year.

That means more than just having a telephone within reach. It means keeping the family circle unbroken—contacts with people—gaiety, solace, friendship. It means greater comfort, security; quick aid in emergency.

Whether it be the grand house on the hill or the cottage in the valley, there's more happiness for everybody when there's a telephone in the home.

The Bell System employs more men and women than any other business organization in the United States. The total is now close to 300,000. Good business for the telephone company is a sign of good business throughout the country.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



FREE! 60 PONTIACS

SIX-CYLINDER
ALSO 960 THRILLING CASH PRIZES!

EACH WITH
1000 GALLONS
OF TEXACO
FIRE-CHIEF
GASOLINE
AND
PONTIAC AUTO RADIO

**6 BIG
WEEKLY
CONTESTS**
Enter Each Week

Each Week 170 Prizes

10 FIRST PRIZES—Each a PONTIAC 2-door de Luxe 6 Sedan—
Each with 1000 gallons TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF Gasoline—
and \$53.95 Pontiac Auto Radio FREE. Each Week!

10 SECOND PRIZES, \$50 each • 50 THIRD PRIZES, \$5 each
100 FOURTH PRIZES, \$2.50 each



GET 1000 GALLONS OF
TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF
GASOLINE **FREE!**
AS YOU NEED IT!

Wherever you need it . . .
in all 48 states! Its speci-
fications altered to match
the season, the locality,
even the altitude . . . to
give you full mileage and
full power . . . quick starts
in cold weather. Texaco
dealers will service your
new car carefully and
expertly.



LOOK!
YOU MAY WIN
THIS BEAUTIFUL
1937 PONTIAC
2-DOOR
DE LUXE 6
SEDAN

The most beautiful thing
on wheels . . . enriched with
more basic advancements
than any 1937 car of its
price . . . new Unisteel Body
by Fisher . . . greater power,
get-away, and economy . . .
five inches more wheelbase
 . . . America's finest low-
priced car.



WIN! START NOW! JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE,

"I like Ivory Soap because ----- *(in 25 additional words or less)*

New contest each week! Enter now . . . enter every week!

60 Pontiacs! . . . each with Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline to
last the average driver a year! . . . each with a Pontiac
Auto Radio! 960 cash awards! What a *wealth* of prizes!

We chose Pontiacs for distinctive Silver-Streak styling
 . . . remarkable economy . . . extra size and roominess . . .
their long list of special safety features.

We chose Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline because you'll
enjoy driving your new car on this full-mileage, full-power
gasoline.

We chose Pontiac Auto Radios for their greater power
 . . . better sensitivity and selection . . . finer tone!

And all you have to do is finish the sentence that starts

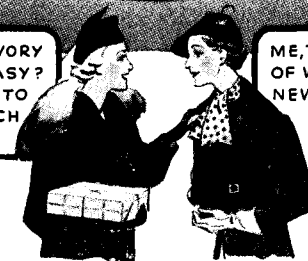
in the entry blank . . . in 25 additional words or less.

HINTS TO WIN! Probably you use Ivory for your bath,
complexion, shampoo . . . for baby's bath . . . for silks
and woolens . . . for dishwashing and smooth hands. So just
tell us about it . . . as simply as this:

*"I like Ivory Soap because it's pure, and so kind to the tender
skin of my baby I know it's kind to everything it touches."*

See . . . it's *not* fancy writing that counts. It's *sincerity* . . .
your own thoughts . . . and clearness! So, sit down and just
"talk on paper" . . . as though you were writing to a friend.
Ivory is a friend. And one day a letter may come from
Procter & Gamble telling you . . . that *you* have won a
brand new Pontiac . . . for your own.

ISN'T THIS IVORY
CONTEST EASY?
I'M GOING TO
ENTER EACH
WEEK!



ME, TOO! THINK
OF WINNING A
NEW PONTIAC
AND 1000
GALLONS OF
FIRE-CHIEF
GASOLINE!

**TUNE IN ON "THE O'NEILLS" FOR
MORE HINTS ON WINNING!**

(Here are the times, see your local newspaper for stations)

N. B. C. Red Network Coast to Coast

MONDAY THRU FRIDAY

Eastern Standard Time	Central Standard Time	Mountain Standard Time	Pacific Standard Time
3:45 P.M.	2:45 P.M.	1:45 P.M.	12:45 P.M.

Prize-winners will be announced on "The O'Neills"
shortly after each contest closes.

ENTRY BLANK

"I like Ivory Soap because -----

FINISH THIS SENTENCE IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS . . . OR LESS

IVORY SOAP, Dept. CS-17, Box 28, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Here is my entry for the Ivory Soap Contest. I attach the wrappers from
one Medium Size cake and one Large Size cake of Ivory Soap (or facsimiles).

NAME _____

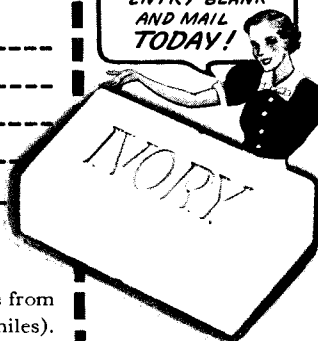
STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

Please enclose the name and address of dealer or dealer's clerk who sold you Ivory Soap

FILL OUT THIS
ENTRY BLANK
AND MAIL
TODAY!



99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ %
PURE

IT FLOATS

READ THESE EASY RULES:

1. Finish this sentence "I like Ivory Soap because" (in 25 additional words or less). Write your entry on one side of a sheet of paper, signing your name and address. Be sure to give name and complete address of dealer who sells you Ivory Soap.
2. Entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity, and individuality of thought. Your own words are most important. Fancy entries will not count extra.
3. There will be six weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Opening and closing dates are as follows:

OPENING		CLOSING	
1st Contest—Now		Sat. Jan. 23	
2nd Contest—Sun. Jan. 24		Sat. Jan. 30	
3rd Contest—Sun. Jan. 31		Sat. Feb. 6	
4th Contest—Sun. Feb. 7		Sat. Feb. 13	
5th Contest—Sun. Feb. 14		Sat. Feb. 20	
6th Contest—Sun. Feb. 21		Sat. Feb. 27	

4. Attach the wrappers from one Large Size cake and one Medium Size cake of Ivory Soap (or a facsimile of each) to your entry. Mail to IVORY SOAP, Dept. CS-17, BOX 28, CINCINNATI, O.
5. Entries for each week's contest must

be postmarked before Saturday mid-
night to be eligible for the contest.
Those arriving late for one contest will
be automatically entered in the next
week's contest.

6. Enter each week's contest as often
as you choose, but be sure to attach the
wrappers from one Medium Size cake
and one Large Size cake of Ivory Soap
(or facsimiles) to each entry.

7. The contests will be judged by Miss
Elsie Rushmore and her associates.
Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case
of ties. All entries and the contents
thereof become the property of Procter
& Gamble. No entries will be returned.

8. Any one may compete except em-
ployees of Procter & Gamble, their ad-
vertising agencies, and their families.
Contests are limited to the United
States only and are subject to all Fed-
eral, State and Local Regulations.



Lonely Heart

How a Broadway character named Nicely-Nicely, who is a sucker for long shots, engages himself in a matrimonial racket, to the complete confusion of one and all

By Damon Runyon

IT SEEMS that one spring day, a character by the name of Nicely-Nicely Jones arrives in a ward in a hospital in the city of Newark, N. J., with such a severe case of pneumonia that the attending physician, who is a horse player at heart, and very absent-minded, writes 100, 40 and 10 on the chart over Nicely-Nicely's bed.

It comes out afterward that what the physician means is that it is 100-to-1 in his line that Nicely-Nicely does not recover at all, 40-to-1 that he will not last a week, and 10-to-1 that if he does get well he will never be the same again.

Well, Nicely-Nicely is greatly discouraged when he sees this price against him, because he is personally a chalk eater when it comes to price, a chalk eater being a character who always plays the short-priced favorites, and he

can see that such a long shot as he is has very little chance to win. In fact, he is so discouraged that he does not even feel like taking a little of the price against him to show.

Afterward there is some criticism of Nicely-Nicely among the citizens around Mindy's restaurant on Broadway, because he does not advise them of this market, as these citizens are always willing to bet that what Nicely-Nicely dies of will be overfeeding and never anything small like pneumonia, for Nicely-Nicely is known far and wide as a character who dearly loves to commit eating.

But Nicely-Nicely is so discouraged that he does not as much as send them word that he is sick, let alone anything about the price. He just pulls the covers up over his head and lies there

He jumps up and runs to Jake's chair and lets on that he is helping a character up from the floor. The Widow Crumb lets out a scream and drops the salad

waiting for the finish and thinking to himself what a tough thing it is to pass away of pneumonia, and especially in Newark, N. J., and nobody along Broadway knows of his predicament until Nicely-Nicely appears in person some months later and relates this story to me.

So now I will tell you about Nicely-Nicely Jones, who is called Nicely-Nicely because any time anybody asks him how he is feeling, or how things are going with him, he always says nicely, nicely, in a very pleasant tone of voice, although generally this is by no means the gospel truth, especially about how he is going.

He is a character of maybe forty-odd, and he is short, and fat, and very good-natured, and what he does for a livelihood is the best he can, which is an occupation that is greatly overcrowded at all times along Broadway.

Mostly, Nicely-Nicely follows the races, playing them whenever he has anything to play them with, but anyway following them, and the reason he finds himself in Newark, N. J., in the first place is because of a business proposition in connection with the races. He hears of a barber in Newark, N. J., who likes to make a wager on a sure thing, now and then, and Nicely-Nicely goes over there to tell him about a sure thing that is coming up at Pimlico the very next Tuesday.

Nicely-Nicely figures that the barber will make a wager on this sure thing and cut him in on the profits, but it seems that somebody else gets to the barber the week before with a sure thing that is coming up a Monday, and the barber bets on this sure thing, and the sure thing blows, and now the barber will have to shave half of Newark, N. J., to catch even.

Nicely-Nicely always claims that the frost he meets when he approaches the barber with his sure thing gives him a cold that results in the pneumonia I am speaking of, and furthermore that his nervous system is so disorganized by the barber chasing him nine blocks with a razor in his hand that he has no vitality left to resist the germs.

BUT at that it seems that he has enough vitality left to beat the pneumonia by so far the attending physician is somewhat embarrassed, although afterwards he claims that he makes a mistake in chalking up the 100, 40 and 10 on Nicely-Nicely's chart. The attending physician claims he really means the character in the bed next to Nicely-Nicely, who passes away of lockjaw the second day after Nicely-Nicely arrives.

Well, while he is convalescing in the hospital of this pneumonia, Nicely-Nicely has a chance to do plenty of thinking, and what he thinks about most is the uselessness of the life he leads all these years, and how he has nothing to show for same except some high-class knowledge of race horses, which at this time is practically a drug on the market.

There are many other patients in the same ward with Nicely-Nicely, and he sees their ever-loving wives, and daughters, and maybe their sweet peas visiting them, and hears their cheerful chatter, and he gets to thinking that here he is without chick or child, and no home to go to, and it just about breaks his heart.

He gets to thinking of how he will relish a soft, gentle, loving hand on his brow at this time, and finally he makes a pass at one of the nurses, figuring she may comfort his lonely hours, but what she lays on his brow is a beautiful straight right cross, and furthermore she hollers watch, murder, police, and Nicely-Nicely has to pretend he has a relapse and is in a delirium to avoid being mistreated by the internes.

As Nicely-Nicely begins getting some of his strength back, he takes to think-

ing, too, of such matters as food, and when Nicely-Nicely thinks of food it is generally very nourishing food, such as a nice double sirloin, smothered with chops, and thinking of these matters, and of hamburgers, and wiener schnitzel and goulash with noodles, and lamb stew, adds to his depression, especially when they bring him the light diet provided for invalids by the hospital.

He takes to reading to keep himself from thinking of his favorite dishes, and of his solitary life, and one day in a bundle of old magazines and newspapers that they give him to read, he comes upon a bladder that is called the Matri-

monial Tribune, which seems to be all about marriage, and in this Matrimonial Tribune Nicely-Nicely observes an advertisement that reads as follows:

LONELY HEART

Widow of middle age, no children, cheerful companion, neat, excellent cook, owner of nice farm in Central New Jersey, wishes to meet home-loving gentleman of not more than fifty who need not necessarily be possessed of means but who will appreciate warm, tender companionship and pleasant home. Object, matrimony. Address Lonely Heart, this paper.

Well, Nicely-Nicely feels romance stirring in his bosom as he reads these lines, because he is never married, and has no idea that marriage is as described in this advertisement. So what does he do but write a letter to Lonely Heart in care of the Matrimonial Tribune stating that he is looking for a warm, tender companionship, and a pleasant home, and an excellent cook, especially an excellent cook, all his life, and the next thing he knows he is gazing into what at first seems to be an old-fashioned round cheese, but which he finally makes out as the face of a large Judy seated at his bedside.



She asks Nicely-Nicely as many questions as an assistant district attorney, and especially if he has any money, and does he have any relatives, and Nicely-Nicely is able to state truthfully that he is all out of both

She is anywhere between forty and fifty-five years of age, and she is as big and rawboned as a first baseman, but she is by no means a crow. In fact, she is rather nice-looking, except that she has a pair of eyes as pale as hens' eggs, and these eyes never change expression.

She asks Nicely-Nicely as many questions as an assistant district attorney, and especially if he has any money, and does he have any relatives, and Nicely-Nicely is able to state truthfully that he is all out of both, although she does not seem to mind. She wishes to know about his personal habits, and Nicely-Nicely says they are all good, but of course he

does not mention his habit of tapping out any time a 4-to-5 shot comes along, which is as bad a habit as anybody can have, and finally she says she is well satisfied with him and will be pleased to marry him when he is able to walk.

SHE has a short, sharp voice that reminds Nicely-Nicely of a tough starter talking to the jockeys at the post, and she never seems to smile, and, take her all around, the chances are she is not such a character as Nicely-Nicely will choose as his ever-loving wife if he has the pick of a herd, but he figures that she is not bad for an offhand draw.

So Nicely-Nicely and the Widow Crumb are married, and they go to live on her farm in central New Jersey, and it is a very nice little farm, to be sure, if you care for farms, but it is ten miles from the nearest town, and in a very lonesome country, and furthermore there are no neighbors handy, and the Widow Crumb does not have a telephone or even a radio in her house.

In fact, about all she has on this farm are a couple of cows, and a horse, and a very old joskin with a chin whisker and rheumatism and a mean look, whose name seems to be Harley something, and who also seems to be the Widow Crumb's hired hand. Nicely-Nicely can see at once that Harley has no use for him, but afterward he learns that Harley has no use for anybody much, not even himself.

Well, it comes on suppertime the first night. Nicely-Nicely is there and he is delighted to observe that the Widow Crumb is making quite an uproar in the kitchen with the pots and pans, and this uproar is music to Nicely-Nicely's ears as by now he is in the mood to put on the hot meat very good, and he is wondering if the Widow Crumb is as excellent a cook as she lets on in her advertisement.

It turns out that she is even better. It turns out that she is as fine a cook as ever straddles a skillet, and the supper she spreads for Nicely-Nicely is too good for a king. There is round steak hammered flat and fried in a pan, with thick cream gravy, and hot biscuits, and corn on the cob, and turnip greens, and cottage fried potatoes, and lettuce with hot bacon grease poured over it, and apple pie, and coffee, and I do not know what all else, and Nicely-Nicely almost founders himself, because it is the first time since he leaves the hospital that he gets a chance to move into real food.

HARLEY, the old joskin, eats with them, and Nicely-Nicely notices that there is a fourth place set at the table, and he figures that maybe another hired hand is going to show up, but nobody appears to fill the vacant chair, and at first Nicely-Nicely is glad of it, as it gives him more room in which to eat.

But then Nicely-Nicely notices that the Widow Crumb loads the plate at the vacant place with even more food than she does any of the others, and all through the meal Nicely-Nicely keeps expecting someone to come in and knock off these victuals. Nobody ever appears, however, and when they are through eating, the Widow Crumb clears up the extra place the same as the others, and scrapes the food off the plate into a garbage pail.

Well, of course Nicely-Nicely is somewhat perplexed by this proceeding, but he does not ask any questions, because where he comes from only suckers go around asking questions. The next morning at breakfast, and again at dinner, and in fact at every meal put on the table the extra place is fixed, and the Widow Crumb goes through the same performance of serving the food to this place, and afterward throwing it away, and while Nicely-Nicely commences thinking it is a great waste of excellent food, he keeps his trap closed.

Now being the Widow Crumb's husband is by no means a bad dodge, as she is anything but a gabby Judy, and will go all day long without saying more than a few words, and as Nicely-Nicely is a character who likes to chat this gives him a chance to do all the talking, although she never seems to be listening to him much. She seldom asks him to do any work, except now and then to help the old joskin around the barn, so Nicely-Nicely commences to figure this is about as soft a drop-in as anybody can wish.

The only drawback is that sometimes the Widow Crumb likes to sit on Nicely-

Nicely's lap of an evening, and as he does not have much lap to begin with, and it is getting less every day under her feeding, this is quite a handicap, but he can see that it comes of her affectionate nature, and he bears up the best he can.

ONE evening after they are married several months, the Widow Crumb is sitting on what is left of Nicely-Nicely's lap, and she puts her arms around his neck, and speaks to him as follows:

"Nicely," she says, "do you love me?" "Love you?" Nicely-Nicely says. "Why, I love you like anything. Maybe more. You are a wonderful cook. How can I help loving you?" he says.

"Well," the Widow Crumb says, "do you ever stop to consider that if anything happens to you, I will be left here lone and lorn, because you do not have any means with which to provide for me after you are gone?"

"What do you mean after I am gone?" Nicely-Nicely says. "I am not going anywhere."

"Life is always a very uncertain proposition," the Widow Crumb says. "Who can say when something is apt to happen to you and take you away from me, leaving me without a cent of life insurance?"

Naturally, Nicely-Nicely has to admit to himself that what she says is very true, and of course he never gives the matter a thought before, because he figures from the way the Widow Crumb feeds him that she must have some scratch of her own stashed away somewhere, although this is the first time the subject of money is ever mentioned between them since they are married.

"Why," Nicely-Nicely says, "you are quite right, and I will get my life insured as soon as I get enough strength to go out and raise a few dubs. Yes, indeed," Nicely-Nicely says, "I will take care of this situation promptly."

Well, the Widow Crumb says there is no sense in waiting on a matter as important as this, and that she will provide the money for the payment of the premiums herself, and for Nicely-Nicely to forget about going out to raise anything, as she cannot bear to have him out of her sight for any length of time, and then she gets to telling Nicely-Nicely what she is going to give him for breakfast, and he forgets about the insurance business.

BUT the next thing Nicely-Nicely knows, a thin character with a nose like a herring comes out from town, and there is another character with him who has whiskers that smell of corn whisky, but who seems to be a doctor, and in practically no time at all Nicely-Nicely's life is insured for five thousand dollars, with double indemnity if he gets used up by accident, and Nicely-Nicely is greatly pleased by this arrangement because he sees that he is now worth something for the first time in his career, although everybody on Broadway claims it is a terrible overlay by the insurance company when they hear the story.

Well, several months more go by, and Nicely-Nicely finds life on the farm very pleasant and peaceful as there is nothing much for him to do but eat and sleep, and he often finds himself wondering how he ever endures his old life, following the races and associating with the low characters of the turf.

He gets along first class with the Widow Crumb and never has a cross word with her, and he even makes friends with the old joskin, Harley, by helping him with his work, although Nicely-Nicely is really not fitted by nature for much work, and what he likes best at the farm is the eating and sleeping, especially the eating.

For a while he finds it difficult to get

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ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY BECKHOFF





The Boss' Son

Mr. Lynn Patrick bought himself a pair of skates, practiced a bit and, at the age of twenty, made himself a champion, thus proving that blood will tell. Even the old man is surprised—so he says

By
Micheline
Keating

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer



THE next time the door of the inner sanctum opens and the boss comes out with a proud smile on his face and Junior by his side and introduces you to the newest member of the staff, don't settle down to the miseries. Don't feel sorry for yourself because you are only Mr. and Mrs. Doe's boy, Johnny, without an influential parent to give you an easy start in life and smooth away the bumps for you. Instead, try to imagine what it is like to be on the other side of the fence, a target for hostile and envious glances and quite aware that you are about as welcome in the gang as a case of measles.

One of the most difficult things a boy can undertake is to follow in his father's footsteps when his father is the tops in his profession. For instance, what would you have done had you been young Lynn Patrick making a hockey debut before sixteen thousand critical fans jammed into Madison Square Garden from the ice rink to the rafters; with his father sitting on the side lines expecting him to justify the confidence that put him into the game; and the name beside his number on the program one that had made hockey history and that living up to meant he would have to play a little better than anyone else on the ice?

He saw the puck coming his way and, snaring it with the end of his stick, started determinedly toward the opposing goal. He looked at the waiting defense men, wily old-timers, and thought they seemed rather lax at their job. Which was just what they wanted him to think. He made for the opening between them. Which was just what they expected him to do. As he tried to go

through them, they caught him on each side and tossed him into the air. With an echoing thud he came down on his backside, sprawling ignominiously upon the ice. A shrill, deriding voice called down from the gallery, "Hey, you mustn't hurt him. He's the boss' son." What would you have done?

The Crown Prince of Hockey scrambled to his feet, as impulsive as an Irish terrier and just as ready to fight. He shook himself, looked about for his assailants and tore into them. The crowd cheered its approval and Lynn Patrick was accepted by the hockey aficionados.

To hear that a Canadian boy is making a career of hockey is not news. To learn that he is the son of the greatest of all hockey coaches, Lester Patrick, is interesting though not surprising. But—to find that that same boy, Canadian-born and hockey-bred, did not begin to play the game until he was twenty years old is analogous to being told that the son of Henry Ford grew up without riding in an automobile.

Learning the Game from Scratch

The lives of most men are determined by their environment. From the shores of the St. Lawrence to the outposts of the Northwest Territories, Canadian boys are given skates as soon as they have learned to balance, so that skating is as natural to them as eating and sleeping. Their first toys are a puck and a hockey stick. By the time a boy is eighteen he is an old hand at the game and if he wishes to turn professional he has only to prove that he is qualified to meet top-flight competition.

But Lynn Patrick was born and grew up in Victoria, British Columbia, where Vancouver Island is fanned by tepid winds sweeping up from the Southwest Pacific, making a climate too mild for natural ice. Consequently, when, at twenty, he made up his mind to follow the career his father had blazoned from coast to coast, he had first to familiarize himself with skates and then to learn the game in competition with boys who had been playing it since childhood and were already seasoned players.

To the average youth this would have seemed an insurmountable obstacle. But Lynn Patrick had three things in his favor: an inherent love for the game (didn't hockey blood flow through his veins?), a proved record as an all-round athlete and a rugged determination (his father calls it stubbornness).

In New York City, as manager and coach of the Rangers, Lester Patrick had watched his favorite sport grow from what ten years before had been a dubious experiment in a new country into one of the most successful and profitable games on the athletic calendar. In those ten years more than five million people have paid admission to Madison Square Garden alone to witness hockey.

Today it is firmly entrenched in practically every city of importance in the United States. The major league has teams playing in New York, Boston, Chicago and Detroit. The minor leagues are represented in Boston, Springfield, Providence, New Haven, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Syracuse, Buffalo, Rochester, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Paul, St. Louis, Kansas City, Wichita, Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Portland and Seattle.

Lynn Patrick of the Rangers, member in excellent standing, is news on any man's rink. He is tops in courage and skill, and he has stepped into the old man's skates

Americans have become definitely hockey-minded. It is the type of rip-tearing game that appeals to the true sports fan. It is the fastest game in the world. It is rough. It demands quick thinking and sharp shooting. In play-making it requires the ready precision of baseball; it has the color and bruising body-checking of football; and when a player feels he hasn't been done right by, the spectator is frequently treated to a slam fest that makes the average boxing match look like a pink tea. In no other game where the human heart is the engine and the human legs the propellers is there such blazing, breathtaking speed. To outdistance the hockey player you have to put the sportsman on the back of a polo pony or behind the wheel of a racing automobile. Even then I would place my bet on the man on skates because of his greater reliability in performance.

Everything was looking up for Lester Patrick. Wherever hockey was played he was considered its foremost mentor. In the season of 1927-28 and again in 1932-33 his Rangers had brought the

(Continued on page 37)

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Please Shenton

E. ELDRIDGE

HENRY CANDERBY, at thirty-eight, was a bachelor with very decided views on women and careers. He often said in his quiet, diffident way, "It's all right for women to have jobs, if they are suitable to the feminine character." He approved of girls as stenographers, clerks, secretaries, nurses or teachers. He refused to consider them as doctors, lawyers, scientists, engineers, or in any occupation demanding mechanical aptitude or skill of hand.

In any discussion of woman's place in the scheme of things Henry had one irrefutable personal experience which he would recite with a vehemence that increased as the incident dropped farther into the past.

It had happened in France, shortly after the Armistice. A woman barber—a large dark woman, with a disconcerting mustache—had given Henry a shave. She had so lacerated his face that he had been unable to keep a date with a girl, a cute girl who was a swell cook and who had attracted Henry strongly.

The following morning the regiment had moved, and Henry had never seen the girl again.

"No," Henry would conclude, with a rueful smile for thwarted romance, "there are some professions where women just should not be allowed."

Although he often thought in a pleasantly sorrowful way of the French girl who was such a marvelous cook, he knew it was nonsense to imagine that this had in any way affected his life.

Nor did he admit that there was any meaning in the fact that his sleep, on occasion, was still haunted by a grim mustachioed female bending over his helpless figure.

Henry Canderby was a practical man, a successful construction engineer. He was convinced that he believed in neither romance nor dreams. He had settled the problem of women.

But he knew nothing about toothache.

When the racking torture began, Henry could not stand it. He went to a dentist.

The office was in a remodeled house on a once fashionable downtown street. A bright-faced girl in white opened the door and said, "Doctor Wells will see you at once."

"I was told Doctor Ramsdell—"

"Doctor Ramsdell is away. Doctor Wells will take care of you." She opened another door and said, "Mr. Canderby, Doctor."

"Good morning," Henry began, and could not go on.

A slim woman scrubbing her hands vigorously at a washstand smiled at him over her shoulder. Her eyes were enormous, dark and glowing. A mass of hair, heavy and lustrous like polished ebony, was braided in a coronet about her head. It gave her a foreign, exotic appearance, incongruously at odds with the white, starched coat she wore.



Henry was surprised and resentful. "I'm a busy man—" She silenced him by thrusting the mirror into his mouth. "Nonsense," she said in an indulgent tone

Henry had a moment of panic. Something stirred warningly in his memory. But he was too dazed for any decisive action. The assistant seated him in the chair and adjusted the headrest. Doctor Wells dried her hands and said briskly: "A tooth giving some trouble, Mr. Canderby?"

"Why, yes," mumbled Henry. "I was sitting in my office—"

"Open, please."

She ran a small mirror deftly about his mouth.

"Ice," she said to the assistant. She touched each tooth with the tiny cylinder and the nerves snarled in protest.

"There's an old filling in an upper molar that looks suspicious," she said.

She held the ice to the tooth. Henry jumped.

"The nerve's not entirely dead," she said. "I'll take the filling out and treat the tooth. Perhaps we can save it."

"You don't think—"

"Just relax, Mr. Canderby."

SHE gave a quick twist with a fine wire gadget and the top seemed to come off Henry's head. She worked busily for a moment.

"That's all for today," she said, smiling. "I want to see you tomorrow. If the tooth bothers you tonight, take two of these." She handed Henry a box of capsules.

"Goodbye, Mr. Canderby."

"Goodbye, Doctor," mumbled Henry.

Henry had a bad night. Not from the tooth; it was pleasantly quiescent. He was troubled by a deeper pain. His world had jumped a cog and all the gears were clattering wildly. A woman dentist! It was ridiculous. And the

casual way in which she treated him; as though he were a child without knowledge or experience. He had a vague apprehension that the very structure of his life was being menaced.

He entered her office the next morning determined to re-establish himself.

"I have been thinking—"

"How did the tooth behave?" she asked cheerfully.

"Very well," said Henry. "I really think—"

"Open, please."

She worked with efficient movements of her strong slender hands.

"Your teeth are badly in need of attention," she said bluntly.

Henry was surprised and resentful. "I'm a busy man—" She silenced him by thrusting the mirror into his mouth.

"Nonsense," she said, in the indulgent tone used to placate irrational people.

"Without proper care, you'll have trouble inside of a year."

"How long—"

"Once a week for at least three months."

Henry came once a week. In the first month, he managed to state completely three opinions, all of which Doctor Wells blithely destroyed with unanswerable logic. The precious ideas that Henry had cuddled for so long, she dragged out and demolished. She had, he discovered, a tolerant pity for men.

"If they weren't such blundering sentimentalists," she said, "the world would get somewhere."

"See here," Henry said indignantly.

"It's women—"

"Open."

In two months Henry's teeth were in fine shape but his heart was in a bad

way. It was love. No doubt of it. And completely hopeless. How could anyone propose to such a girl? She was particularly scornful of the mawkishness of courtship and romantic love.

Then, one day, she announced, "That molar hasn't responded. I'm going to take it out."

Henry considered the prospect. He had heard of people revealing their innermost secrets as they came out of the anesthetic. If he thought resolutely before he went under, perhaps his subconscious mind would speak the words his lips had neither the courage nor opportunity to utter.

As he breathed deeply and the world slipped away from him, he repeated, "I love you. Will you marry me? I love—"

THEN he was opening his eyes and the first thing he saw was Doctor Wells' startled face above him. A burst of happiness shook him. He grasped her hands. "I told you," he cried exultantly. "Will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Marry me, of course."

For a moment her eyes grew still wider. Then she said with practically no hesitation, "Yes, I will."

That evening, over coffee and cigarettes, Henry gazed at her proudly. No one would ever suspect that she was a dentist. In her velvet gown, with her pale shoulders and coronet of dark braids, she resembled an exiled Russian princess. Henry explained in triumphant detail how he had planned it all.

"As soon as I opened my eyes," he said, "and saw how startled you were, I knew it had worked. Just what did I say, exactly?"

A slow amused smile crossed her lips.

"You said," she answered, "If I ever get you in that chair, I'll shave that mustache right off."



A Jump to Conclusions

By T. Morris Longstreth

A brief for anger, or the praiseworthy conduct of Mort Harrison, who could jump like a kangaroo. A story for brave men and noble women

KAY and I were lolling and lapping milk shakes down at Hank's a couple of weeks after the Christmas turmoil, when she said, "Who's that?"

"How'd I know unless I turn my head?" I said.

"Do look now," and leaning across the table she pointed my chin around. It was just Howard Grace and I told her so.

"Nobody who looks like that is just a just," Kay said with that warning tone of a coming enthusiasm that I know so

well. "Don't you know anything about him?"

"Sure," I said. "He's the son of a certain Mrs. and Mr. Grace from nobody is sure where. He broke into college at mid-term, though nobody is sure why. And he's keeping the rest of the vital statistics to himself. He's so shy he goes off skiing alone every afternoon. He's in my Philosophy IV and knows the diff between Kant and Hegel, which would seem to show he's not quite human. Anything else?"

"I think I'd like to meet somebody

like that," Kay said. She got up, pulled down her jersey over the neatest figure that ever belonged to a professor's daughter and picked up her ski sticks.

"What's on your mind?" I said. "You can't stalk him like this in plain daylight. He'd run like a startled deer."

"If I ever found anyone with that much energy around here, I'd embrace him," she said, giving an extra dab at the crimson tam that crowned her vitality. "Mort, won't you go out now and practice a few jumps? It's stopped snowing."

"Did you know that Powelson's back with the Condors?" I asked.

"Zig told me, and that's all the more reason for you to work. You can do it, Mort."

"Sit down for one more cigarette and we'll talk about it," I said.

"You're hopeless," she said, and ducked out.

I sat down to finish my smoke. Hank came around the counter to get the glasses. "She sure is one pretty girl, Miss Andrews."

"Yes, but a little trying at times," I said.

The Condors was the name of the ski club organized by our tooth-and-claw rival across the valley as a gesture of disdain for our Snowhawks. In case you haven't kept up with the developments in our mountain-girt sanctuary of the higher learning, I might explain that we intellectuals are now completely crazy or insane over skiing, according to the point of view.

The big February ski meet between the Snowhawks and the Condors is the thing that really stretches us out. The Thanksgiving Day football game and the June prom aren't despised, but the one thing that is more important than life or death is to win the golden wings for the ski jump.

I ought to know. I've been runner-up for a place since they discovered grav-

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



ity. But there's always someone to step over my poor little one hundred and thirty-seven feet. Our Zig Astor twice, and the Condors' pet Norwegian, Powelson, last year. And now the bad news was that Powelson had come back to graduate, after all, which meant a sure first for him again. Zig would get second, and either our Fred Parsons or their Nifty Kuhn the third.

To make it absolutely sad, this was my senior year. I hated to go home and look my dog in the face without one pair of wings, silver or bronze if I couldn't get the gold, to show for my four years of educational endeavor. My one consolation had been Kay, and a very swell consoler she'd been until she got it into her pretty head somehow that I was lazy. Women are hell when they get ridden by one idea. I'm not lazy. I merely don't see the sense in getting all sweated up over trying the impossible, like understanding Aristotle. Kay thinks a fellow should be up and doing every minute. If philosophy has taught me anything, it's the sovereignty of mind over matter, and all I ask is to be allowed to think in a comfortable position. But Kay's never taken philosophy and keeps saying, "Mort, you'll never beat Powelson if you sit in that chair," or "Mort, I know you have it in you, if you'd only practice harder." As if—but, hell, what's the

use of arguing with a one-idea woman, no matter how sweet?

I decided I'd go out to the little jump and practice form, in case she did ask me. I was feeling pretty good, anyway, since Hank had slipped a little something into my milk shake on a covert wink. So I grabbed my sticks and floated out under the pines in the still zero air. Rhetoric aside, there's nothing like it. And who should I discover but Gracey all alone. The shy flower was hard at work packing the lower hill.

He didn't look like a flower exactly, being over medium height and solid-looking, with not a bad mug and clear blue eyes like a winter sky. "Hello," I said. "How is it?"

"A little soft," he said, as if words were a dollar each.

I WENT down to help him pack the new snow. "Ski much?" I asked him. "Some," he said eloquently.

"How do you like it here?" I went on, having a nature that hates to be stumped.

For some fool reason that rang the bell. "I'd like to live here always," he said in a kind of intense way. "I never knew there could be such a place." He stopped packing and gazed across the valley to the mountains, the big blue-white boys all slick and shiny with snow.

"It's all right," I agreed, "except there

I was so mad it almost did for me. I had to surge out extra hard to throw my balance right. I had an immense sensation of flying, flying, as if there were no end, and when I met the slope it was just a kiss

are too many masters for complete enjoyment, don't you think?"

He didn't bother with that one, so we packed in silence till we reached the top and I said, "Your jump."

"Go ahead," he said, and stooped to fix a strap.

With anyone else I'd have insisted, since he'd started the packing and was entitled to a clean slope. But I figured he was too bashful to jump in front of me, so I tried one and maybe stretched it out a bit, the way you do before spectators. It was in good form, too.

Then he came. I just happened to look and couldn't believe my eyes. He glided down to the take-off smooth as cream and soared out through the air as if he'd been born in it. He landed like a dragonfly on a lily pad, six or eight yards beyond my mark, and sailed to a neat stop.

I was stunned as if I'd landed on my neck. Right then and there, in three seconds of time, I knew I'd seen the winner of the ski meet, the wearer of the golden wings. No Zig, no Powelson, had form like that. You don't get taught it any more than a rainbow gets taught how to bend. Of course he hadn't got great distance; you couldn't on that jump. But with his ease and control and perfect timing sense, distance became merely a question of the hill. And this was no fluke. I had the sense to know that.

Gracey had come up and started to talk about snow conditions.

"Pardon me for living," I interrupted him, "but why be such a clam? Why not tell a fellow when you're going to throw an exhibition like that? Or is it a secret?"

He looked positively startled. "You mean my jump? Oh, that wasn't anything."

"Oh no? It just comes naturally for you to do the things we grind our hearts out trying to do, and not succeeding?" I was getting mad at his vile modesty. "Why aren't you over at the big jump throwing shame into Zig Astor and Fred Parsons and the rest who think they know it all?"

"I'm no good before crowds," he said.

"Well, there's one crowd you've got to be good before," I said.

He got me. "Oh, I'm not going into the meet," he said hastily. "I couldn't. I'm a washout in exhibitions."

LISTEN, Gracey," and I was getting hot. "Do you think we'll let the Condors take the meet when you can keep it for us? The only possible answer is no. We're not that dopey. Here you come, a heaven-sent gift to the Snowhawks, and you're going to compete and like it."

"I can't. I get too nervous."

"Everybody gets nervous," I said, "but you forget about it in the general lather. If you don't go to Cap Zig and sign up, I'll spill it to him myself."

"You mustn't do that. It's no good. I just told you I love this place, but I'd have to leave it, if you did that." He was so wrought up, in a quiet way, over the mere prospect of performing, that I saw he had to be handled just right.

"I'm getting cold," I said. "Let's take another."

His second was as beautiful as his first and his third beat both and I'd forgotten about my troubles and the meet and even Kay until I heard her voice. "Hello, bums!" And there she stood, waving to us.

"Who's that girl?" Gracey whispered.

"Just the queen of the campus," I said. "Professor Andrews' daughter."

I introduced them, not being able to read the future, and left them. I felt pretty sure that if Kay saw Gracey jump and heard it was a secret, all of New Hampshire would know about it by bedtime, including Zig and the crowd. I was surprised and delighted the next afternoon when Gracey asked me if I didn't want to go over to the club jump and try a few. Knowing Kay, I thought he'd be dated with her. I went, and not only that afternoon. After his shyness wore off, Gracey turned out to be regular, a hell of a nice chap. We got to kidding each other. "That's lousy," I'd say after he made a wonderful jump. "Now get an eyeful of how to do it." And I'd make a desperate attempt to jump within six feet of his mark. "What a puny effort!" he'd say. "Now take my dust."

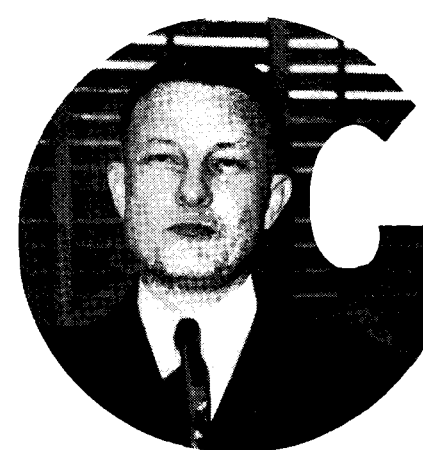
It was good for us both. Trying to imitate his form didn't hurt my style any, and I thought I'd got his confidence to the point where I could bring up the subject of tryouts again, when one afternoon as we were lazing back from a swell workout he announced that he had entered.

(Continued on page 38)

By Walter Davenport

There has never been a Congress like this one. Stripped of opposition, stripped of its lunatic fringe, without volition of its own and impressed almost to the point of self-forgetfulness by the election, the Seventy-fifth Congress sits silently, awaiting the word

MR. ROOSEVELT'S



WE COULDN'T help thinking of the afternoon when, campaigning with the late and, until recently, lamented Huey Pierce Long, we attended a large and expectant gathering of the Arkansas electorate. It was in the hill country and Mr. Long, making his first professional appearance in that neighborhood, was just a trifle concerned. Driving up the valley road, Mr. Long, wiping off the neck of a quart of rye, said: "I gotta give these billies something hot. New Orleans is a push-over, the Senate's a sucker and places like New York will fall all over themselves for a gag. But these billy-boys won't pay much attention until they're bitten a couple times by a rattler. I hope they're not expecting too much."

"It's easy, Senator," said one of his Arkansas shills, "all you gotta do is raise particular hell with everything outside the Ozarks and they're in your pocket."

The meeting was a frantic success, from the doxology to the benediction, and while we have a strong urge to tell you more about it, for of such is the kingdom of politics, we must stick to our subject.

It was in Washington that recollection came to us. Congress, one ear cocked toward the White House and the other close to the ground, was in the throes of convening. Already the silver-tonguers,

brass-throaters and moon-bayers were filling the air with noisy avowals of love for the American people—particularly that not easily defined element known as the common people. Members old and new were already pawing the ground in their eagerness to be up and doing the right thing for the right side. Floods of oratory about some mandate the voters had bestowed were welling up to the galleries in both houses although in the absence of certainty it was thought best to let Mr. Roosevelt define the mandate.

Just Like Before the Election

Tax, labor, business regulation, tariff, utility, peace and fiscal legislation were being ballyhooed in burning but very general phrases. Most of the noise suggested that the gentlemen were still running for office. Flame-breathing and sword-swallowing were going on to general applause although a few surviving Republicans had their pale hands folded. But they were merely filling in, biding their time, awaiting orders. In a few days Mr. Roosevelt, re-elected by so huge a majority that it worried him, would go through the formalities of reinduction brimming with high purpose and exuding noble sentiments. And yet we have the right to suspect that the mildly apprehensive sentiment of Mr. Long ("I

hope they're not expecting too much") was among the unspoken thoughts occupying his silent moments. It was an excellent time for the rest of us, including Mr. Landon, to be rather glad we weren't President. Personally, we are among those who believe that Mr. Landon's heart was not broken on November third. Now that it's over we guess it is all right to tell you what Mr. Landon told us at lunch one day.

"No matter who's elected," he said with a small smile, "four years hence he is going to be one of the most hated men in America."

The Brutuses Begin to Connive

But that's no way to tell this story. We're supposed to give you a picture of what Washington looks like now. Washington's hotels were abulge with whooping patriots brimming with hopes for special privilege, their pockets packed with instructions from home. The hotels had been crowded to their roofs for weeks, just as they were in the early days of General Johnson's NRA. You had to use the Rockne system to get inside a congressman's office; even the corridors of the House and Senate office buildings were suffocating with ladies and gentlemen honing personal and official axes.

Acclaim had petered out, Caesar had

Jim, go to bed and get some sleep; they ain't nothin' to it."

So here in the Post Office Department were the real heroes of Armageddon. Here were the valiants to whom Jim owed it all—the mandate makers. And you could take it from them that they wouldn't now be in Washington if it weren't that Jim had told them to drop in sometime after election and talk things over. Of course they knew what it was Jim wanted to talk about—a couple of clerkships, a postal inspector job, a deputy marshal's office or a post in the internal revenue. Well, they'd be glad to give Jim the benefit of their advice. Not that they wanted anything for themselves. Of course if Jim insisted—

If you were looking for an argument you had but to name your topic. Farmers would assure you that this was not going to be a labor administration. Labor leaders stuck their fingers into your midriff to emphasize their contention that it would be. One group of the latter told us that labor was going to write at least half the legislation which would flip through Congress in the first two months—yes, even tax legislation. Liberals with buttons and streamers on their lapels, identifying their liberalism, would picture for you the American scene four, eight, twelve and sixteen years hence. You soon got the idea that

been hailed, the Brutuses had begun already to connive. And Mr. Roosevelt, the occupant of the world's toughest job, was about to be asked to rare back and pass a few miracles. Even the various departments were seething with groups, delegations and windy individuals with missions, expectations, policies, demands and warnings.

The most congested of all were, of course, the floors whereon Mr. Farley and his associated miracle workers held forth. There it looked like a convention. The waiting room and all the corridors were jammed with patriots, all and each intent upon making no secret of their close friendship with the gentleman who had made a strip-tease dance of the election, taking everything off but Vermont and Maine. Everybody called him Jim. Everybody told you what Jim had said to him last October and what he had said to Jim. They told you, too, how grateful Jim was for the way they carried their hitherto unshakably Republican district. And they'd show you the letters they had got from Jim right after election, too, if it weren't that they were having them framed and hung in their offices back home.

"Yessir, it certainly was funny the way Jim called me up on long distance, day before election. Jim says: 'Listen, Ed, are you sure?' And I said: 'Listen,

farmers and industrial workers were not headed toward political coalition, but that labor, flushed with victory and visions, proposed to enlarge its own party—the American Labor Party—and make it inconvenient if not impossible for the farmer to embrace any other.

Here and there you heard talk of 1940—John Llewellyn Lewis for President. But the liberals (not to be confused with the radicals) were above such earthy talk: each day, each moment was wafting them nearer and nearer to a beautiful idealism, a strifeless Utopia. The only element in the general tumult which had little or nothing to say was the tweeded radicals, the Ph. D. Reds. And they simply looked down their noses at you—superior, serene, sure, disdainful like well-fed cats—Persians. When they did talk it was unvulgarily to damn Hitler, Mussolini and the Spanish Fascists. But they did it softly, scholarly. Too many Mussolini men and thick-necked Hitlerites hanging around eager to demonstrate. The former had figures to show you, proving that Italian-Americans had elected Mr. Roosevelt. And Mr. Hitler's friends, all hoping they looked like either Der Fuehrer or his stooge, Mr. Goering, were anxious to give you information that German-Americans had done it. Anyway there were plenty of patrolmen sauntering to and fro and any

C

James H. Hughes, Delaware, is ready to agree that almost anything is all right if it works

O

Theodore F. Green, of Rhode Island, supplants the veteran Republican senator, Jesse Metcalf

N

Clyde LaVerne Herring, Iowa, ardent New Dealer, belongs to the what-the-hell school of politics

G

Josh Lee, Oklahoma, up from the House, literally pretty-talked himself into the United States Senate



R

Henry Cabot Lodge, II, Massachusetts, an intelligent politician, one of the few new Republicans

E

H. Styles Bridges, New Hampshire Republican, comes up to the Senate from the governorship

S

Ernest Lundeen, Minnesota, tapped for senator upon the death of Governor Floyd B. Olson

S

William H. Smathers, New Jersey, will take his cue from Carter Glass as often as from the White House

number of plain-clothes men. Also (thus ran the rumor) a whole regiment of infantry was within a hop, step and jump of Pennsylvania Avenue prepared to deal harshly with anybody introducing European scenes into this quadrennial American comedy.

Everybody was prepared to tell you what to expect of the next two years. A group of unsmiling ladies was in session in one of the hotels. They had put two and two together and were frightened. They referred skeptics to history. What happened on November third, they assured us, was revolutionary. And after every revolution came shocking excesses. The mob took matters into its own hands—hands which were seldom clean and more than occasionally bloody.

But Prohibition is Dead

These ladies were not making an issue of prohibition nor the saloon. Indeed at four o'clock tea and cocktails were served, the partaking ratio being approximately fifty-fifty. Apparently the professional dries were not represented in Washington to any noticeable degree. Certainly not actively. There were a number of elements missing, giving you to wonder whether times really have changed or whether a great deal of guileful lying-low was being indulged in.



resented a kiss for Comrade Stalin or the last rites over the body of a murdered Constitution. (We dropped in at an expensive cocktail party where the host, an importer of cheap Japanese textiles, informed us that all the newspapers had suppressed the fact that the Star-Span-gled Banner was played in Moscow's Red Square on the morning of November fourth.)

Yet there was a noticeable absence of medicine men, economic conjurers, grasshopper sociologists and Mad Mullahs. Maybe they are there, seething softly in their seats, ready to go native later on corn, money, relief, labor, cotton, power or war; but as they foregathered to legislate they weren't performing.

The organized minorities that made life less sweet for Mr. Harding, Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover were either absent, crying, "What's the use?" or had been stunned by the battering tide—an All-America forward wall they could not dent. Blocs may form later and the noises of special interest, group crusades and economic putesches may confuse the ears of Capitol Hill, but they were gratefully not present now. The greatest politician of his day (the name being Franklin Roosevelt) had welded too many of them into a personal following to make the other matter. Too many hopes of local and special privilege had

which isn't accorded his new colleagues. He is liberal today and Borah tomorrow. He will support the President now and go into offended grouches then. He is full of old wisdom; he reads ancient records; history means something to Borah. Neither Republican nor Democrat, Liberal nor Conservative—just William Edgar Borah elected to his sixth term by a people who have a superstitious dread of what might happen if he were defeated.

The Silver-Tongued Josh Lee

From our seat in the gallery we see him welcome a newcomer—the young and dashing Joshua Bryan Lee, the Honorable Josh Lee of Oklahoma. They're not strangers; the Honorable Josh came up from the House; but they are contrasts. Mr. Lee will never thunder, but he can be depended upon for some choice screaming. No firmament flights of nation-shaking oratory will soar from the Lee diaphragm, but silvery shoutings in great quantity, and well-balanced quips in vast abundance, will rise from him as spray from an illuminated fountain.

Another old-timer, one of the few left to remind us that there were yesterdays, is just entering from the ruddily-storied cloakroom—the Honorable George Norris of Nebraska. He hasn't the Borah



We stopped in at quite a variety of headquarters and powwows but saw nothing of the Townsendites or Coughlinites. Of course here and there you heard somebody saying that Mr. Townsend had had a gold-medal idea but, like a lot of prophets before him, hadn't known what to do with it. We heard that the doctor was present but were unable to locate him. Two years ago it was different; almost any congressman could have told you where to find him, having been there himself to bend the knee. And even the Honorable Liberty Bill Lemke didn't know where Father Coughlin was. Neither did we gather from Mr. Lemke's demeanor that such lack of knowledge depressed him. As for the Reverend Gerald Smith, who got helplessly lost wandering around in the heel of one of Huey Long's boots, there was no evidence that such a person existed. Indeed, some of the gentlemen we asked seemed to have some trouble recalling the name.

"Oh, yes, you mean that Mormon fellow," said a gentleman from Nebraska. "Oh, I haven't heard of him for years."

After you had got warmed up on Capitol Hill it occurred to you that the new Congress was rather surprisingly free of lunatic fringe. The farther you went the more you became impressed with what happened last November. It may be that to you the Roosevelt avalanche rep-

been fused by a master into a common cause to make it worth while for the outsiders to raise puny voices now.

You noticed, too, if you took the pains, that there was quite an absence of greatness. Here was a Congress with a distinct common-denominator character. A preponderant sameness was visible from seat to seat and house to house. There was no profit in listening to the old-timers in the galleries clucking like bereft hens over the absence of the individual glories and mass austerity of the dear dead days. The Senate, the House and the galleries were thickly populated by ladies and gentlemen to whom the name of Cannon, Reed, Penrose, Aldrich, Platt and Hanna were all but as vague as Thaddeus Stevens, Ben Butler, Galusha A. Grow and Rutherford B. Hayes.

Borah, Remnant of Old Grandeur

And yet there were reminders of old grandeurs. More Jovian than ever in the new mail-order atmosphere of the Senate, the scene of the vanishing toga, is William Edgar Borah. His thunder is no longer the deep, reverberating roar that stuns the valley, but his growls still have respectful listeners. He is no longer Borah against the field, just Borah the tired but still wily old lion. And yet you notice he rates a respect

hunger for power, lacks the Borah physique. He is tired and looks it. He had to be drafted into this new term, the Nebraska New Dealers being fearful of defeat if they depended upon the Democratic nominee, a twenty-two-caliber Huey Long—Mr. Terry McGovern Carpenter. But with all his waning strength Mr. Norris, an independent Republican of the LaFollette-Bull Moose herd, will support the President; and add to that his loyalty to his ancient cause, government ownership of public utilities. Somewhat wanly he shakes hands with the rugged, white-thatched and Honorable Clyde LaVerne Herring, who came all the way up from the driver's seat of a grocery wagon to become governor of Iowa and now United States senator, ousting a ready victim, the New Deal scolder, Lester Dickinson. Iowa told us a year ago that Mr. Dickinson would be a push-over. And he was. Mr. Herring will add color to a Senate that will need it. He is New Deal down to his rubber heels and belongs to the what-the-hell school of politics. For years he sold automobiles in vast quantities. His genius as a salesman was state gossip. Two of his erstwhile rivals in that pursuit told us that Mr. Herring could and did sell cars to men he had just run over. He should be valuable in the Senate.

(Continued on page 29)



The Governor's Method

By Gregorio Somers

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The hazards of courting a fearless woman, or how to appear brave though terrified. Philip Thayer comes in a lamb and departs a lion

PHILIP THAYER leaned back in his deck chair on the veranda of the Hotel Recreo and sucked the cool, sweet juice of a green coconut through a straw. While he drank he watched the dancing blue of Acapulco Bay. It was a pleasant, relaxing thing to do. It took his mind from another matter. From Sammy Ward, who was getting dressed for lunch after a swim.

Philip finished his coconut and set it down on the floor.

Acapulco's a perfect place for a honeymoon, thought Philip, catching himself off guard. Then he wrenched his thoughts to other channels. That was just the thing he didn't want to think about. Honeymoons indeed! Why on earth had he come down here with Sammy and her poisonous aunt? What a fool!

With a grunt of disgust he got to his

feet and went to dress. He should have done it before. He hated bathing suits. They prickled. Dressing was almost a matter of seconds. He put on his best linen suit, not because it was the best, but because it lay on top in the drawer. He hadn't hung it up. Then he went back to the veranda, trying hard not to think about Sammy.

He found his deck chair occupied and he recognized the man—a small, slight Mexican with a complexion which matched his pongee suit. He was about forty-five years old. His temples were

gray, and his expression was one of worldly wisdom touched with humor.

Behind his chair stood motionless two Yaqui Indians.

Philip sat down. His neighbor was Carlos Ortega, governor of the state of Jalisco. Philip had never met him, but he'd heard a lot about him.

"Buenos dias," said the governor with a curious, twinkling smile. "Don't mind my guards." His Spanish had not the rough accent of the average provincial politician, but was the polished, singing Spanish of Mexico City.

"They're on the job," said Philip in the same language.

"Yes, by God's favor." The governor smiled again. "When I'm here, my friend, with the ocean in front and my Yaquis behind, then I forget that I'm governor of Jalisco. It's a welcome change."

Philip didn't need to be told. Jalisco is notorious in Mexico—the refuge and source of rebellion, war and quixotic disorder. A place of raids by night and riots by day. It takes a good man to govern Jalisco for more than twenty-four



hours. Philip glanced at the mild-mannered man beside him. He wondered how he'd managed to hold the job for three years.

"A tough spot, Jalisco," said Philip.

"Yes, my friend. They even cut the ears off the teachers."

"I'd prefer another job."

"So would I," said the governor. "I'm really a very timid man."

Philip was about to disagree. The governor of Jalisco couldn't be timid. It wasn't possible. But before he could say it, a diversion appeared. It was Sammy Ward. She skipped through the door—slim brown legs, white shorts, blue eyes sparkling, yellow hair tossing. Always a fountain of bubbling enthusiasm. Behind her walked a smooth young Mexican in riding breeches and an aviator's helmet.

"Phil," cried Sammy in English, "I've met the most fascinating man!"

Philip gave the Mexican a rather sour look. He felt trouble ahead. Sammy switched to Spanish, which she spoke without a trace of accent.

"This is Mr. Martinez," she said. "He's a flyer. He flies from Acapulco to Mazatlan. Imagine! No maps, no fields, nothing! He's been doing it for ten years. I'm going to fly with him tomorrow."

Philip rose with a worried frown and took the Mexican's hand.

"Do you speak English?" he asked.

"No entiendo," said the Mexican rather sullenly.

"He doesn't understand English," said Philip. "So please, Sammy, listen. You mustn't fly with this lunatic. I know his type. Mexico's full of them. They don't give a hoot for their own lives or anyone else's. If he were a good pilot, he'd have a job in the army or on the regular air lines. God knows there are more planes than pilots in this country. He wouldn't be carrying pigs and Indians to market in an old crate that ought to have been junked five years ago. Sorry, Sammy, but you can't do it."

"Darling! You're always spoiling things."

"I've got to spoil some things. Your father told me to take care of you."

Sammy's face fell.

"Oh, Phil, can't I ever have any fun?"

"Sorry, but I promised your father."

"I HATE you," cried Sammy unreasonably. "You really do spoil everything."

She looked as if she were about to burst into tears, but ran back into the hotel before the crisis arrived. Mr. Martinez followed, glaring angrily back over his shoulder, and Philip was left with a tall, angular woman in a black skirt and starched white shirtwaist. It was Aunt Martha, the world's worst.

"That's right, Philip," she said ap-

provingly. "I don't know what Sammy'd do without you and me. She hasn't a grain of sense in her head."

"Let's have lunch," said Philip. "You get Sammy, if you think you can drag her into the dining room."

"She'll come, all right. She's a healthy girl with a good appetite. That's one thing to be grateful for."

Aunt Martha marched through the door after Sammy. Philip stood silent for a moment, hating himself, hating Aunt Martha.

Lord, he thought. Me and Aunt Martha. Sammy thinks we're just alike. But what could I do?

He'd forgotten the governor of Jalisco, who was still sitting placidly in his deck chair a few feet away, his Yaqui guards on either side.

"My friend," said the governor. "I am embarrassed to have witnessed your difficulty."

Philip turned around. The governor was smiling sympathetically. Philip felt a sudden warm urge to confide in the little man.

"I talked like a fool, didn't I?"

"She's very beautiful, that young lady," said the governor. "Yes, very beautiful. The waiters of the hotel have composed a song about her. They call her the saint with hair of silk and gold."

"She's no saint."

"The best kind," said the governor.

"'Watch, my friends,' I said to the crowd. 'I am going to prove that I am not a coward, even if I do refuse to fight this *bravo*.'"

"Women should look like saints but act like little devils. More interesting."

"I made a fool of myself," repeated Philip. "Didn't I?"

"You talked sense. I know this Martinez. If he weren't the nephew of a general, he wouldn't be allowed to fly at all. But you love the young lady, I think. Yes. And one should not always talk sense to a woman he loves."

"No?"

"Definitely no."

"Philip," called a harsh voice. "Come to lunch. Sammy's locked herself in her room. She won't come out."

It was Aunt Martha. Philip shuddered and looked at the governor, who seemed his only friend in the world.

"That aunt," said the governor, raising his eyebrows. "You should make her hate you."

"She'd hate me all right if she knew what I thought of her."

"A beginning." The governor smiled ironically. "At five o'clock this afternoon I shall drink my tequila in the hotel bar. Perhaps, if you are at leisure—"

PHILIP ate lunch with Aunt Martha.

As soon as they finished, Sammy came into the dining room and consumed a very substantial meal in pointed solitude. The food did her good. At least she consented to get in Philip's car for a drive around the outskirts of the town. For about a mile she was silent. Then she patted Philip's knee.

"Phil," she said contritely, "I don't hate you. You did promise my father."

Philip smiled. When Sammy was nice, she was very, very nice.

"But—" she continued.

"But what?"

"Oh, Phil, I'm young. I want to live. I want excitement."

"And I'm always saying no. That's what you mean."

"You can't help it, I guess. You never want to take a chance. You're made that way."

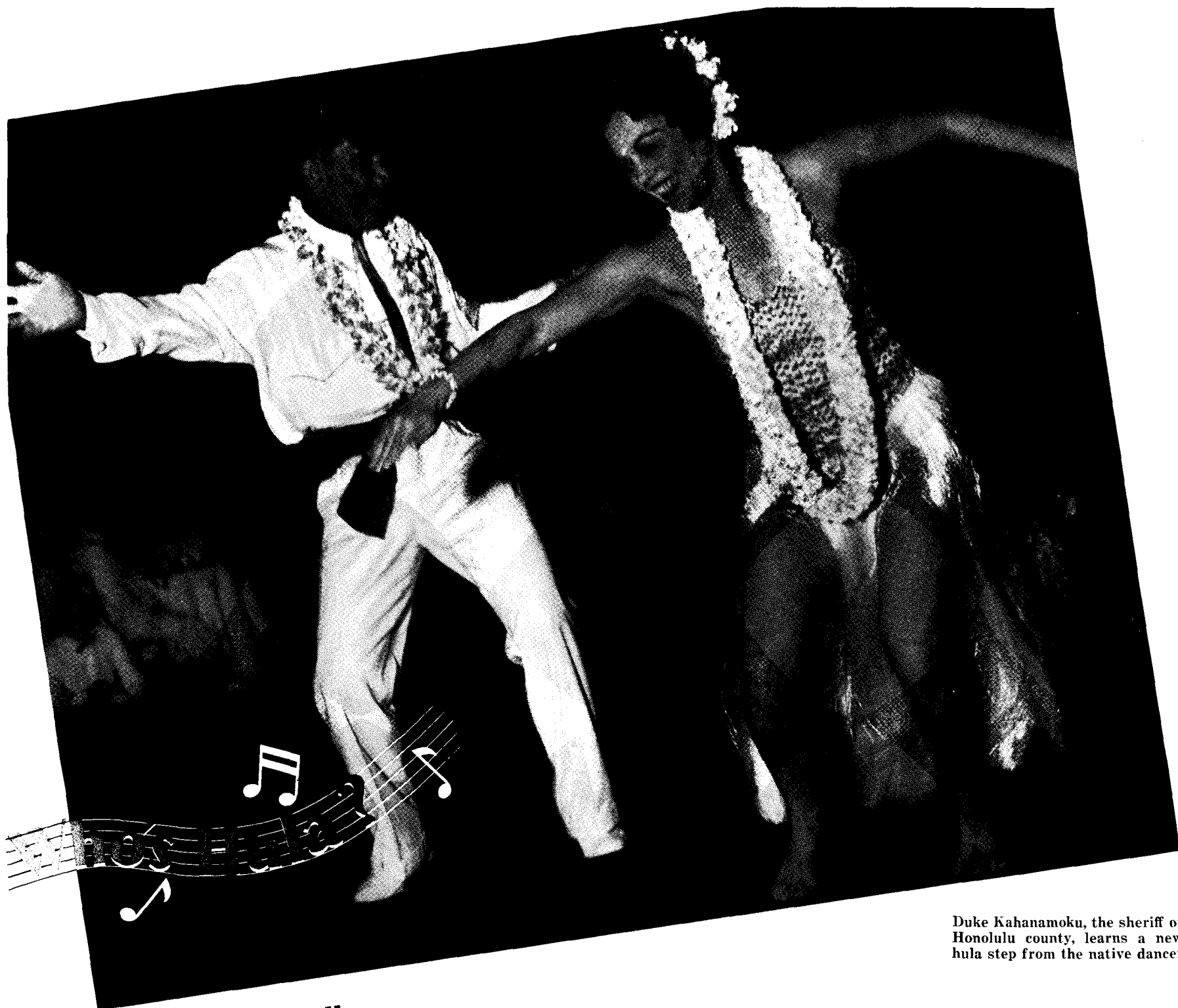
Philip held his tongue and drove on, doggedly silent. This line of discussion was all too familiar. He was only four years older than Sammy, but often she made him feel old enough to be her grandfather. Mexico, he maintained, was no place to take unnecessary chances. Things happen. But Sammy was always accusing him—not of cowardice; she wasn't as cruel as that—but of dullness, careflessness and a way of spoiling her fun. He shrugged his shoulders helplessly and followed the twisting road to Caleta.

They were bound for the American graveyard, three miles out of town, buried in jungle behind a little curving beach. Hardly anyone knows it's there. The stones stand upright still, beneath the tangled vines, calm and sedate as if beside a white New England church. The names are all familiar—Fuller, Ames, Bolton. The dates are mostly in the fifties, for these are the graves of Americans bound for the California gold rush, dead at sea and buried in the nearest port.

It always gave Philip a certain thrill, this graveyard, his own countrymen sleeping forever so far from home. He was Baltimore born and he was sure there must be some Marylanders here. He imagined a tall Baltimore clipper running into Acapulco to bury her dead, to take on food and water, and hurry off to Frisco two thousand miles away.

They left the car and struggled through the tangle, watching carefully

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Duke Kahanamoku, the sheriff of Honolulu county, learns a new hula step from the native dancer

By Jim Marshall

But for their fellow Americans from the states the Hawaiians would have a rather perfect life. As it is, they have to spend most of their time passing resolutions, thus leaving surfing, guitar playing and attendance at hula dances to Americans from the mainland

APART from being the one place on earth where it pays to stick out your neck, Hawaii is remarkable chiefly for the fact that the permanent residents are so busy being misunderstood that they have little time to enjoy the place, and so the visitors get most of the fun. Stick your neck out an inch in Honolulu or Hilo or even in Kaunakakai, and somebody rushes up and hangs a lei around it.

The visitors go surfing at Waikiki, but the islanders have to stick around downtown and pass resolutions against people in New York and Iowa who send out letters addressed to Honolulu, Philippine Islands, or else mail them to the American consul, Hawaii, China.

Take the sad case of Mr. Stanley Elmore, a leading businessman of Hilo, on the island of Hawaii—which is not the island Honolulu is on, at all. Honolulu is on Oahu. Anyway, Mr. Elmore, a prudent man, has stock in several New York corporations and he is getting dog-goned tired of getting dividend checks accompanied by a printed slip reading: "Ten per cent of this dividend is deducted before payment to alien non-residents." According to several large American corporations, Hawaii is a foreign country and its inhabitants are aliens.

And while the tourists are hunting around for little grass shacks and trying to find a *luau*—which is a native

feast—the home-town boys are dictating furiously to stenographers in answer to letters from Nebraska and Oklahoma asking for sets of Hawaiian stamps or inquiring if English is spoken in the islands.

Even when they visit the mainland, the islanders can't enjoy themselves. One of them recently was motoring through the Midwest when two people in another car lit out after him. He thought he was pinched, or something, and stopped at a gas station. The other car drew alongside and a man and woman got out, pointing to his Hawaii license plate. Then they looked at him with chagrin and disappointment.

"Heck!" said the man, "he doesn't come from Hawaii—he's white!"

The Ultimate in Insults

But the ultimate insult usually is tossed at the exasperated natives by visitors they've been showing around Honolulu.

"Why!" the visitors will say. "It's just like an American town, isn't it?"

Then they scamper madly for the boat, acquiring leis at every step—because the Hawaiians are a long-suffering and kindly race, and forgive what would be shootin' excuses anywhere else. Just before the boat sails, some erudite tourist

always announces that, traditionally, all leis should be tossed overboard as a sacrifice to Ol' Debbil Sea, or something. And what the islanders think as they see their white-and-purple six-bit flower garlands land on the pier a guy with a good, violent imagination might guess.

But those who stay in the islands for a time and become *kamaainas*—Hawaiian for anyone who misses three boats home—discover more sports to the square foot than anywhere else on earth. Best known, of course, is surfing.

One way to go surfing is to hire a beach boy at \$2.50 an hour to teach you. Another is to get a room on the seaward side of the Moana or Royal Hawaiian hotels and gaze through a pair of binoculars. Occasionally the Honolulu moralists receive reports from binocular gazers and petition the chief of police to do something about it right away—but nothing ever happens. It's no use appealing to the sheriff, because the sheriff is Duke Kahanamoku, who was a beach boy himself, once. Anyway, moonlight bathing in a primitive sort of way was old stuff to the Hawaiians long before the white race showed up in the islands.

But while the mainlanders are splashing at Waikiki and learning to chatter about the "Zero Break" and the "Blow-

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Make the Most of Winter

By Victor G. Heiser, M. D.

Cold weather peps you up. Winter offers a thousand chances for sport. But don't overdo. Dr. Heiser tells you what you owe to yourself in health and enjoyment when the bitter winds are blowing and the thermometer hits zero

THE favorite winter sport of a salamander like myself, who has long lived in the tropics, is, I must admit, sitting comfortably in a warm room as near as possible to a blazing fire. There, while toasting myself, I can meditate on the Gloucester fishermen, enduring almost unbelievable hardship and cold on the Grand Banks, with numb fingers endlessly hauling in the mighty cod, making their way home on ships hardly distinguishable from icebergs. Or I remember the sympathy I felt in contemplating a certain Spartan baptism.

On the edge of an oblong hole, cut through the deep ice, stood a sheet-draped sinner, a stalwart "brother" on either side. "Zip!" down he was plunged and over his head closed the freezing water.

"Do you believe?" rang out in the frosty air.

"I b-b-b-elcome," he chattered.

Though he and his fellow converts were actually covered with a thin film of ice, apparently these immersions were attended by no fatalities. The effect was little more than that of a super-cold bath; most people prefer to harden themselves in the tub.

The human body can accustom itself to almost anything, but the process must be gradual. The fisherman can chop ice off his beard and come to no harm; nevertheless, wet feet, to one who is not accustomed to them, may constitute a danger. The undergraduates on any northern college campus, inured to all weathers, wander hatless from laboratory to lecture hall. They suffer no ill effects. They may have to rub their ears,



Skating brings together all ages for common enjoyment. Ice carnivals encourage it as a fine winter exercise for America's youth

but their well-nourished scalps through which the blood courses more freely will not even tingle.

I admire these young people though I do not emulate them 100 per cent—as yet.

When I was a boy at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and something of a polar bear because of my environment, I recall the delight with which I fished through the ice at night, holding a light over the dark water, and jabbing with pronged spear all curious fish which came into view, and rubbing my feet with snow when they became frostbitten. But now my system, which has become used to intense heat, must be accustomed gradually to new conditions. This I intend to do, sacrificing comfort to health.

I find that I am not the only one who shivers with distaste at the approach of Jack Frost. Man is prone to forget what is unpleasant. Nevertheless, we cannot abandon with impunity the fundamental recipes for health; certain rules must be followed winter or summer.

Human experience, the world over, agrees that cold is a mental and physical stimulant. Why this is so, nobody has explained to the satisfaction of scientists. It may have something to do with metabolism, that mysterious process by which nature changes what we eat in assimilable forms—sugar into glucose and proteids into amino acids. Metabolism has to saw up the wood so that it will fit into the furnace which keeps the body fires going.

Watch the Calorie Count

When the mercury stands at twenty or below, the system needs more fuel to warm up the skin and respiratory tract than in summer when blood and air temperatures are not far apart. Therefore, to get an adequate number of calories, include plenty of fat in your winter diet. Take a leaf out of the health manual of the illiterate Eskimo who, in his wisdom, making a virtue of necessity, actually enjoys his tallow and blubber. Winter is a field day for the hearty eater. But even he must restrain his enthusiasm. The vigorous country week ends are no more. Instead, he lies abed on torpid Sunday mornings, and consumes too large dinners. Each holiday—Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's—is a hurdle in his race for health. By such indulgences he accumulates an additional heavy burden of toxins to dispose of.

Too much food and too little exercise are not alone responsible for the well-known fact that constipation becomes more serious in winter. The water intake which promotes peristalsis naturally falls off. In the summer dog days your skin must be kept cool with perspiration, and thirst is nature's signal more liquid is needed. But in winter the semaphore may not function and the body necessarily absorbs what it needs from the intestinal tract, with resultant increase of constipation.

Wherever you are, whatever your income, you must make sure your diet

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Deep West

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

HARASSED by cattle thieves whose identity he is unable to learn, Jim Benbow, foreman of Jack Dale's Hat ranch near the little town of Two Dance, employs a Cheyenne detective to investigate. A few hours after the man goes to work, he is murdered!

While the tragedy is still being discussed, someone tries to kill Pete Cruze, one of Dale's most valuable hands. Certain this time of the killer's identity, Benbow rides with Cruze to the home of Indian Riley, one of Hat's enemies, and riddles it with bullets. Certain also that Cash Gore, foreman of Jubal Frick's Running M ranch, is one of the marauders, he calls on Frick, and, while Gore is present, informs him that his foreman will bear watching. Gore accepts the

insult; he makes it clear, however, that he and not Frick is the boss of Running M.

For several years Benbow has been in love with Connie Dale, old Jack's daughter. But Connie loves Clay Rand, a neighboring ranchman; she and Rand are now making plans for their marriage. Neither Connie nor Benbow know that Rand is in league with her father's enemies!

One night Benbow rides to Cherokee, a tiny near-by settlement. He seats himself in a chair on the porch of Sawmill Baker's hotel. Sawmill slips up to him, whispers: "You better get out of here," and disappears.

Then Indian Riley emerges from the saloon. "Benbow," he calls—and stares into the darkness of the porch.

III

BENBOW hauled himself slowly from the chair and came down the porch steps until he saw Indian Riley's murky eyes begin to squeeze out warning. He stopped then. Riley's men were slowly spreading, up and down the street; restlessly spreading, lightly sliding their feet along the dust. He was a target for all those narrowing glances, and the evil of this town was an actual smell in his nostrils.

Indian Riley's lips stretched flat against his teeth. "Benbow," he said, the hard temper of this man coming out in each gusty word, "you made a mistake shootin' out the windows of my place."

"The habit," stated Benbow, "is getting to be common in the Yellows."

Riley's men kept sliding their boots through the dust. They made a semi-circle now, covering him on either side. Indian Riley's cunning eyes slipped a glance in either direction. He jerked up his head. "You want trouble?"

Benbow struck into this man's half-breed pride deliberately. "How many men you need for protection?"

Riley yelled, "I'd like to send you to hell a-kickin'!"

"Proud talk."

The smell of evil grew stronger. The outflung light of the hotel touched Riley and Riley's men, showing the dull set of their features, showing the way savagery pinched and thinned those features and engraved its mark there. They were all a single step from the killing moment. He knew that, and could not help it and would not help it. He had passed by his own mark of safety, and stood before them now coldly agreeable to it. Keyed like this, surrounded like this, the thought of mercy and of safety went out of him, and left him as cruel as they were.

He droned: "Send your men down the street and we'll have a try."

"Why?" grunted Indian Riley.

Benbow threw his wicked stare at Riley like a bullet. His voice lifted to a higher pitch, metallic and calculated: "You're a bastard-born mongrel with your tail draggin', Riley."

A call drove forward from the darkness. "Hold that," and Riley threw his head around, clapping one hand against his hanging gun. Rider and horse drifted into the street from the town's high edge, into this gray-yellow light. Clay Rand dropped from the saddle and he paused with his horse as a barricade between himself and Riley's men.

"Riley," he called, "get out of here." "There's no fight in him," said Benbow.

Rand answered that swiftly: "Be quiet, Jim. Go on, Riley. Go on!"

Riley had been facing Rand; he let himself turn back to Benbow with a straining care, the palms of both hands clamped at his hips. Sweat greased his cheeks and the hotel light established their oily shining. The silence ran on in this tense way until he broke from his long rigidity, stepping backward to his horse. He was in his saddle and his men were in the saddle before he spoke again. "Benbow," he said, calmer than he had any right to be, "I'll find you soon." And then the group went storming out of Cherokee.

BENBOW wheeled on Rand, his talk very sharp: "What are you doing up here?"

"You ought to be glad of it," retorted Rand. He left his horse and went on until he could see the stiffness of Benbow's face, the accented boniness of that face. The gray in Benbow's eyes shuttered out a pale glow, the headlong temper still having its wintry way with him. Clay Rand saw that and shook his head, marveling.

"Never saw you go so far. You damn' fool!"

Benbow repeated his question: "What you doin' up here?"

"Traveling," said Rand irritably.

Benbow's answer was dry as dust: "You got here in a hurry from where you were last."

Rand said in a dying, guarded tone: "Where was that?"

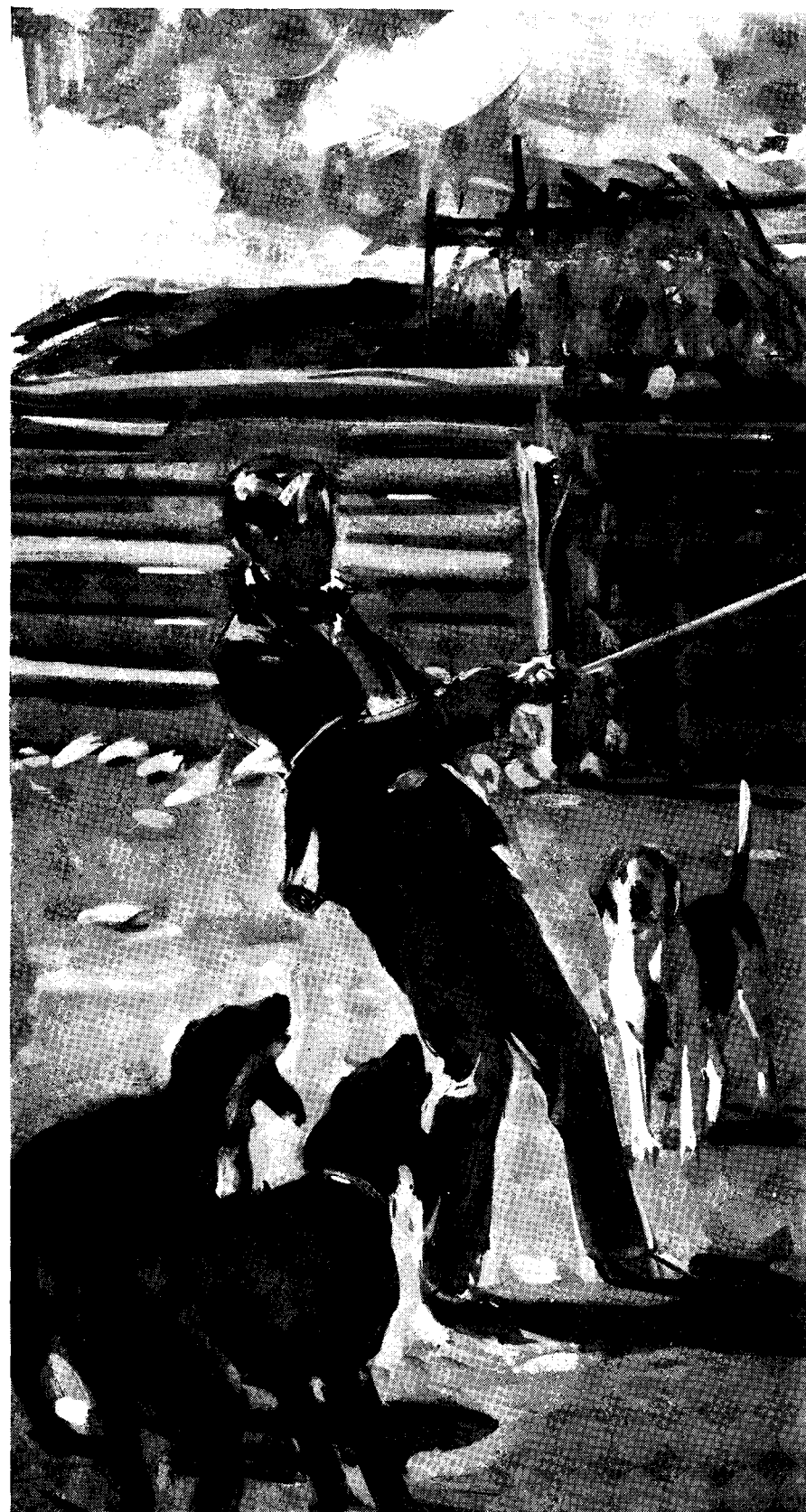
"Listen, Clay. Keep your hands off married women."

"When I want advice I'll ask for it, Benbow."

They were riding their nerves, with a smoky anger whirling around them. Rand's temper was always a quick thing, and Benbow still was swayed by that headlong rage. So they stood, tall and unyielding before each other—friends on the dangerous edge of quarreling.

Benbow spoke his mind at once. "I'd go a long way for you, Kid. But Connie's in this and I won't stand back watchin' you make a fool of her. Remember that well. I won't say it again."

He swung down the street. Rand said, "Hold on, Jim," but Benbow's high legs carried him directly into the stable, to his horse. One of the men he had earlier noticed in the saloon stood vaguely



against a stall post, saying nothing. Benbow stepped up to the saddle and then was motionless a moment. "You got anything to say?"

"No," grumbled the man.

"Then get out into the street where I can keep my eyes on you."

THE man wheeled through the archway, walking on to the hotel porch and halting there. Rand had mounted. He drifted forward. "Kid," he said, "why do we always get in a wrangle? You can have my shirt any time you want. Where you going?"

Benbow's horse paced down the street, with Rand instantly following. They were beyond Cherokee and Cherokee's inquisitive ears. "Up to the north pass," said Benbow.

"That's no place for you to be at night, alone," said Rand instantly. "Let's go home."

"So long."

"Wait a minute," argued Rand. He drew a long breath and Benbow, consid-

ering him with a hardening and dismal curiosity, saw the lines of his partner's face go thin and deep. All the laughter was out of Rand, and he was speaking quickly: "Well, I'll trail along."

"No."

"What's the matter with you?" snapped Rand.

"Nothing. So long."

"You can be tough with a man, Jim."

Benbow shook his high shoulders together and said in a gentler manner: "This is my business, Kid. I'll have to do it my way."

"All right." But Rand kept his station, the surface of his cheeks becoming gray and odd. His tone fell and its wistfulness was very definite to Benbow. "Jim," he said, "we've had a lot of fun together. I hope the day never comes when that's finished. There ain't a hell of a lot of mercy in you sometimes. I'd hate to buck up against you. I hope it never comes to that."

"Better get out of these hills yourself," was Benbow's laconic suggestion;



The Kid saw that loop snake forward and yelled, "I never—!" The rope bit instantly around his waist, pinning his arms

hand, he saw presently the glow of a light appear and disappear away below.

He turned immediately and rode out to the canyon's edge. Down there a campfire made its round, tawny shape against the gravel of a creek. One man moved into the range of light, bent over, and moved back from it into the farther darkness.

And at that moment a gun began to lay flat, spanging sheets of sound through the rustling night, the marksman evidently not more than a hundred yards from where he stood. Stiffened to the saddle, he heard that echo and the subsequent ones roll out through the hills, rebounding from point to point and at last sink. He counted six of them, hearing no bullet wake near him; and as he counted he saw somebody below run to the campfire, kick its burning wood into the adjacent creek and step aside. The last rumor faded far along the hills and the marksman's horse was rushing away through the trees furiously, and the little glow in the canyon faded completely. A man in the canyon launched a long, deep yell.

WHEN Clay Rand left Benbow he rode straight through Cherokee's street and far enough beyond it to escape Benbow's following glance. At that point Rand turned eastward, found a trail, and pursued it at full gallop. Benbow, he knew, would never let a fight die. Slow-moving and slow-thinking, this big man had intensity in his actions more pronounced than that of any man Clay Rand ever had known; a single-mindedness that carried him terribly on. Benbow would be riding up to the north-pass trail. That way also was Indian Riley bound, in obedience to Cash Gore's instructions. If Benbow collided with Riley's party it would be the end of Benbow.

This was the conviction that drove Clay Rand along and later turned him into the main-pass trail. The dust of Riley's passage was fresh and thick in the wind when he reached the edge of the canyon; and here he stopped, drawing back into the timber. Far down he saw the first small spirals of Riley's fire burst into full glow. And listening painfully to the little echoes washing along the night he made out, a quarter-hour later, the shuffle of another horse on the trail. Brush rattled over there, and ceased to rattle; and then, knowing that Benbow had spotted Indian Riley's fire, Clay Rand lifted his revolver, fired six times into the night, and raced back toward Running M.

He had played it as impartially as he could, warning Riley and thereby keeping Benbow out of a fight. It was the most he could do, and the least he could do. This one time it lay in his power to break up that collision. Probably he would never have that chance again; the game had become too bitter.

Racing down the slope, Clay Rand saw himself with the sunless clarity of one condemned. It was the turning points of his life that clung so unmercifully to his memory. At each turning point he had stopped to listen to a faint voice

(Continued on page 51)

and he waited there in the chilly blackness until he saw Rand's retreating pony pass through Cherokee's street and drop out of sight beyond. Then he traveled on down the reservation road a mile or so and stopped again, listening into the pure silence of the night. Satisfied, he left the road, diving directly into the timber. Pressing eastward and upward, it was his intention to go as far as the high-pass trail of the Yellows. Indian Riley, so Sawmill Baker had whispered, was working along that country. And he could trust Sawmill, who, though nobody else knew it, was his friend.

HE WAS calmer now, the deep heat of his temper dying out and leaving him with a gray aftersight of what might have been. Once before in his life, when only a kid, coming up the Chisholm Trail, he had been forced into a situation such as this. Hemmed in and without the possibility of escape, the same freezing rage had closed down on his mind, turning him into another man.

That time he had fought his way clear. This time Clay Rand had broken up the coming gunplay. But there would be other situations like that soon enough in the Yellows. He saw them advance out of the dark and he saw himself stiffened up again by that wildness over which he had no control; and he saw darkly across that interval the inevitable ending. He could not avoid being what he was and he could not soften the ending. This night he had in effect declared open war on Cash Gore and Indian Riley and they would not spare him, since they knew at last that he understood their partnership.

Traveling forward, with the fall of his pony's hoofs muted by the soft-carpeted trail, his mind caught fugitively at the edge of things he deeply felt and could not explain. Such as Clay Rand's gift of seizing the good moments of life and finding laughter in them. Such as the sweetness of Connie Dale and the softness of her lips and the loveliness shining through her eyes. For some men

there was an ease and a comfort in the world; for some there were rewards. He didn't belong to that class, and never could. Except in the matter of honesty he was another Cash Gore with the same wildness deep in him, with the same ability to kill. It was a way of thinking and of feeling—grained into him in his earlier years when nothing mattered as much as the simple ability to stay alive. His boyhood days had ended early and life along the trail had been rough.

THESE were his riding thoughts and they carried him on up the pitches of the Yellow Range until he reached a broader trail cutting directly north and south. This was the main way through the pass, with a message in it for him. The quick, cold breeze ran this narrow slash between the trees; and in the breeze lay the keen smell of recently risen dust. Indian Riley had traveled by only a short while before.

Thus cruising, with the canyon sheering through the Yellows on his right

Key Monkey

By Jacland Marmur

The farewell of Peter Droban, who didn't need a ship to make the Happy Isles

HE WAS an odd-looking character, all right enough, and they had lots of fun with him in the rust-sided tramp Benares, once he got on board. Especially the radioman, who thought old Peter Droban quite a joke. Peter didn't seem to mind at all. His little gray eyes would just twinkle in that sudden way they had of lighting up. He'd had lots of fun himself when he was as young as that. So it didn't matter a bit. The thing that mattered was that he was sailing for Celebes. And that was enough for any man before he died. That's what Peter Droban thought.

No one noticed him that September day on the Kowloon dock where the Benares lay taking in the last of her freight because he wasn't a noticeable man. He just stood there, full in sunlight, with his gray-haired head cocked on one side, watching the slings sway inboard and disappear below the hatch combings. The coolies brushed past him, squealing at their work. Even they took him for a man of little importance: and a Chinese coolie has a better instinct for that than the boss of a political ward. So he stood there with his nearsighted eyes blinking in the strong light, nursing a large square package he had under his arm. A P. and O. liner, coming into Hong Kong from the LyeMoon Pass, bawled insolently for her docking space across Victoria Bay. It seemed to give him heart, for he edged toward the gangway of the Benares and slowly climbed on board.

When he knocked on the door and came over the weatherboard into the skipper's cabin, Captain Lorimer looked up, wondering who the devil this might be. An elderly man who smiled at him with wistful eyes from beneath a battered felt hat; white ducks and shoes, and a funny, faded blue jacket with frayed frogs up and down both sides.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, sir," he said. "Only I heard you were bound for home by way of Macassar, and it was Archy Lorimer had command of the ship Benares."

"Yes? Well?"

"Well, I'd like to go along."

Captain Lorimer was mildly surprised. Here was a queer one, even for the China coast, where you ran into lots of funny chaps on the last length of their tether. "I'm sorry," he said abruptly. "We have no passenger accommodations at all."

"Oh, I know, sir. I know." Peter Droban smiled again, that quiet, ingenious smile so much like a child's. "I couldn't

pay a liner's passage money anyway, you see. But I thought maybe—because it was Captain Archy Lorimer, you could—sign me on for a workaway."

The master put down his pen and looked up from under bushy brows. There was something arrestingly naïve about that fellow. His gray eyes seemed very tired and his shoulders stooped a little, but he was at peace. And that isn't usual. It made Captain Lorimer curious. "Why," he asked, "why in the world do you want to get to Macassar in Celebes?"

Peter Droban blinked. He didn't answer that question for some time. Well, it was a difficult thing to explain. The truth was, it was a magic word. The very name—Celebes—made his eyes widen with an eager light. Yes; it was a magic word and that was all. But you couldn't tell an old seadog that. Like as not he would laugh. So Peter just looked slowly around that master mariner's room and saw the books ranged in their bulkhead racks. Captain Lorimer was a bookish man. Peter turned his head to him again, with a twinkle in his eye.

"One last adventure, sir," he said with surprising simplicity. "Don't you remember how it goes?"

"It little profits that an idle king,

By this still hearth, among these barren crags . . ."

HE SPOKE those sonorous two opening lines of Ulysses and Captain Lorimer stiffened, looking sharply at him. "Oh," he murmured. "Oh."

"So when I heard it was Archy Lorimer had the Benares, I brought you this," Peter went on serenely. "sort of to pay my way. It's your old ship, sir. The China."

Captain Lorimer came to his feet in one quick, heavy lunge. "The China!" he boomed. "What do you know about the old China, man?"

Peter Droban smiled. "I made a voyage in her, sir, almost thirty years ago. You were third mate then. Wild Archy, we called you, sir. You wouldn't remember me. But I know you'll remember her."

He undid his package with great care and propped it up on the desk. And both of them stared at it: an oil canvas of a sleek steamer carrying square yards on the fore with a topsail set—the famous China of early Pacific-Mail days. The west-coast gulls were all around her, and the fog was rolling in from Farallon as she made for Mile Rock Light before a strong west wind.

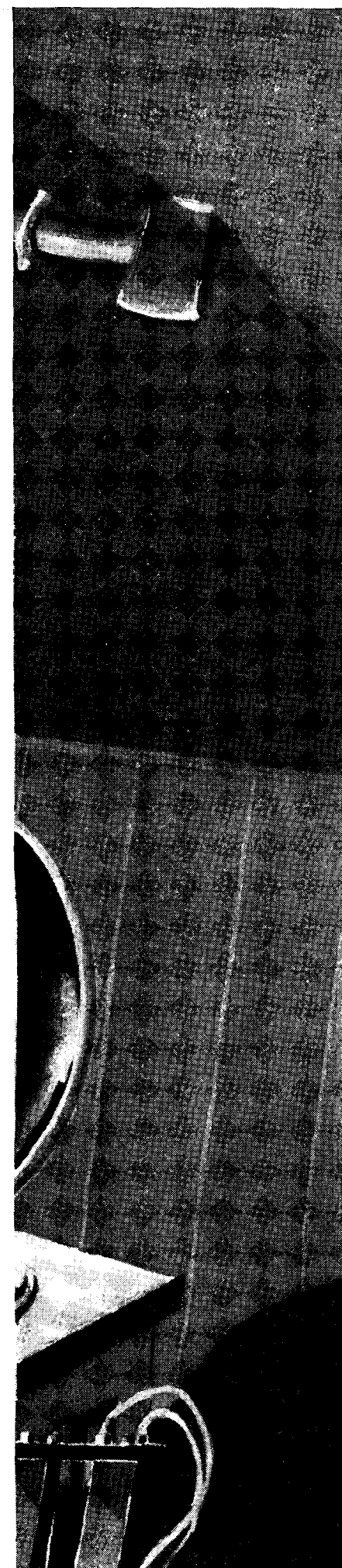
"You painted this? From memory?" Captain Lorimer asked after a long silence.

"Oh, yes. That's what I came out to China for, you see. To do this sort of thing. I always wanted to, but I never could. You know. But now it doesn't matter very much any more. Except I wish I could learn to do a better job of it. But I know I never will. There isn't time enough. But if I could get to Celebes before—"

HIS voice drifted off vaguely. Now that was a funny thing for him to say, Archy Lorimer thought. He looked at Peter out of the corner of his eye. He wasn't a fraud. The fellow actually meant it! One last adventure. Came out to China to paint and wanted one last adventure before it was too late. Adventure? In a rusty old tramp like the Benares, hauling pig tin and iron machinery across the China Sea? But there was something about him you couldn't dismiss that easily. And here was the old China. Plain as day. He had her right, too. Down to that funny staysail rig she'd had. Lord! there was a ship. He'd seen some times in her. Captain Lorimer coughed. His voice was gruff. "Come along ashore with me," he growled. "We'll see what can be done."

And that's how Peter Droban sailed at last for Celebes. It was funny, in a way, and the skipper couldn't quite fathom out why he'd been so soft. So, pacing the bridge, he told the mate about it, by way of condoning himself. And before they were clear of pilotage it flew all over the ship. Jimmy Gordon, the wireless man, got hold of it right away and knew he was going to have some fun with the old codger they'd put in the spare cabin amidships. This was going to be pretty rich. And he was telling the second about it, some days later, as the Benares rolled in a loud wash to the south and east.

She rolled heavily in a choppy cross sea with all that tin and iron in her lower holds, arcing her stumpy masts across a hazy sky soiled with her funnel smoke. The wind stuttered against the radio-room ports. But that didn't bother Jimmy Gordon. Not a bit. He had his chair braced against the bunk, his feet perched up on the instrument desk, and he sat there grinning, his sandy head swinging in and out of a patch of ranging sunlight. He felt pretty fine. A clear-browed, dark-haired girl with level eyes looked down on him from a framed picture on the bulkhead above his receiving



The old key monkey's face was alight. His hand fumbled for the key. His fingers were trembling strangely. Then two of them and his thumb closed on the knob. He started sending. He faltered at first. Then his eyes blazed. He had it



set. They hadn't been married much more than a year, and Jimmy had just heard by cable in Hong Kong before the Benares sailed that he was father of a son and Gordon heir. No wonder he felt so gay. The second mate, a heavy-jawed young officer with deep-set eyes, sprawled his legs out from the leather settle and glumly puffed a cigarette. Jimmy Gordon looked at him and grinned again.

"Can you imagine a guy like that, Joe?" he said. "Bangin' around the China coast his time of life?"

The second mate sighed heavily. He was thinking, no doubt, of the long and lonely middle watch that night. "Sure, I can," he growled. "What's the matter with him? Looks all right to me."

Jimmy laughed. "That's all you know. He's been in here, jawing. Main engine's on the bum. Heart trouble. He's liable to kick off any day."

The second lifted a solemn brow. "Y'know, Sparks, you fellows get too damn' smart, playing with all them crazy gadgets and listening to funny things in the air."

JIMMY dropped his feet to the deck. A high, whistling note started banging out a coded traffic list from the loud-speaker above his head. He listened carelessly. Nothing for him. Then he grinned. "Y'don't get it, Joe. This fellow, Peter Droban, keeps plugging away at a twenty-dollar-a-week job at home for fifteen years. Then the medicos get hold of him and tell him he's in a bad way. Can't last long. No hope. Except to take care of himself and just lie around. No excitement. Nothing. You know. So what does he do?"

"Well, he quits his job, draws the few hundred bucks he's got saved in the bank, and buys himself a kit of paints and brushes. Then he rustles himself out to the China coast to paint ships an' junks an' Chinese coolies in river chop boats because that's what he always wanted to do. I know. He told me so himself. He says, kinda wistful like—you know how he is: 'If you got to kick the bucket,' says he, 'a fellow may as well give it a good kick and be done!' He'll be in here pretty soon. Wait'll you hear him. Pretty good, Joe. Eh?"

"Yes," the second mate agreed very slowly. "I'd call it pretty good myself."

"He sure took the Old Man by the hair, though, Joe. Gave him a picture of his old ship. The China. Hell, she's been scrap iron more years than I can remember. Old Archy's got it hung in the saloon right now. Seen it? Not bad, eh?"

ILLUSTRATED BY
RALPH EDMUND ENTWISTLE

RALPH
EDMUND
ENTWISTLE

And he quoted something to the Old Man out of a book. That's what really got him, I guess. He reads too many books himself, old Archy does. You know that. Something called Ulysses, I think it was. Seems to me I've heard about that. One of them off-color books." Jimmy's eyes sparkled. "Maybe I ought to get it for the ship's library. Hey? Adventure is what he says he wants again before he goes. That's what he gets for reading them crazy books. Adventure—bah! What'll he find in this old hooker? Or in Celebes, for that matter? What's down there? You know. Oil tanks and money-changers and grog shops. Just like any place else. Except it's hot as hell."

"That's where you're wrong, Sparks. He'll find lots down there you and me don't know nothing about. 'Cause he's taking it right along with him. Up top-side." The second mate tapped his forehead. "Don't you worry about him."

"I ain't," Jimmy Gordon agreed gaily. "Them old key monkeys are all alike."

"How do you mean?"

"He used to pound brass when he was a kid. Way back in the old days. Just like me. Wait'll you hear him rave."

The second was about to say something to that, but someone knocked timidly on the hooked back door and Peter Droban came in, smiling.

"Do you mind if I come in?"

"Hell, no, Mr. Droban." Jimmy pushed up a chair. "Sit right down."

Peter sighed comfortably and looked up at the picture of that clear-eyed girl. He shook his head in slow and wistful approval. "Fine girl, Jim," he murmured. "Fine girl. How's your new son? All right? Be glad to see him, I expect."

"You bet!" Jimmy's eyes began to twinkle. "I was telling the second mate here about your early operating days."

"Wireless operating in those days was high adventure, Jim. It's nothing but another industry now."

"Yes; I guess." Jimmy tipped the wink to the second mate. "How long ago was that, Droban?"

"Oh, that was years ago. We didn't have any of these gadgets of yours. Not by a long sight."

THE loud-speaker over Jimmy's head came to life. That staccato whistling code again. He listened to it instinctively and then leaned forward, starting to tap out words on his typewriter, adjusting receiving dials with one hand. Peter Droban cocked his head.

"Weather," he murmured to the second mate. "Sounds like the beginning of a storm warning. I'm not sure. They send pretty fast nowadays."

The second nodded.

By daybreak the Benares was heaving in a monstrous swell with a thick cirrus haze overhead. In a still and eerie twilight she rose and fell and swayed, the water sucking foam from all her rusty hull.

From the lower bridge Peter Droban watched the signs and forms of that dreadful gale making its unalterable pattern. It was fine, he must have thought, fine to be able to see it and meet it face to face again after so many years. This must have been just what he was after. For his lips were parted a little, and his gray eyes looked out upon the endless sweep of the sea with wide and curious intensity. Swaying there to the sudden motions of the ship, he had time even to remember quite calmly that the proper name for that storm was really not typhoon at all but *Teet-Kiey*—the iron whirlwind of the China Sea. And when the first blast struck, screaming out of a black squall thick with rain, he still stood there, one fist tight on a stanchion, watching the great gale. . . .

The Benares rode suddenly in a pool of oil, the sea washing her gutted deck. Her steering engine crippled, she kept dipping her port rail under as the after-

gale swells heaved unhurriedly past. Cargo lights glimmered eerily in her lower hold where sweating men fought with the shifted pig tin. The pumps shuffled steadily, but the Pacific Ocean seeped in fast through opened seams and sprung rivets. Captain Lorimer estimated the situation precisely. In the forward well deck the carpenter and two men were quietly building a sea raft by his order, because there wasn't a whole boat left in a davit anywhere. The master finished his rounds and wearily dragged himself up to what had been the wireless room.

HE FOUND Jimmy Gordon swaying in the middle of a mass of wreckage, his right arm bound stiffly to his chest in homemade splints and bandage, and a ragged strip of sheeting wound about his head. A lifeboat stem poked its nose through the splintered weather side of the cabin. Parts of a typewriter lay at his feet, and odd bits of broken glass

knee-deep on the floor plates down there. "Get this out if you can, Sparks. SOS. Our approximate position." He seemed to be talking to the empty horizon. "No observation for three days now. Where she's drifted to—then stand by. She won't last very long. There's a raft making."

He turned to go and met Peter Droban coming in. Peter's eyes were very bright. He had something under his arm, a long, cylindrical thing, and he called a cheery hello. He was almost gay. But the skipper didn't notice. He saw the men pouring up from the engine room and from the lower holds. He went down to join his mates who were putting a ladder over and preparing painters for the raft's launching. Peter Droban came into the radio room.

"Well, Jimmy, how are you now? Me and the second engineer, we built this."

He set it down between two twisted transmitter uprights, hooking it in place. You could see he had measured it and

Jimmy. Almost twenty years. Just like it was then, too. If it'll only work." His eyes glowed. "Oh, but this is fine. Fine! Throw the switch in, Jim." He started sending. He faltered at first. It was so strange to him. Then his eyes blazed. He had it. He had it again! The old thrill, the old adventure. Youth and memory and strength swept over him in one wild rush.

"QRT!" he rapped out. His open spark snapped blue and crackling flame between the homemade electrodes. "QRT KQQZ!"

The old call for air silence. Then SOS and his own ship's call again. He stopped at last, flipped the switch, and waited. The loud-speaker babbled on indifferently. Then suddenly, tearing through all that traffic, a single blaring note roared out acknowledgment.

"We're on the air!" Droban said. "It works! Oh, but this is fine."

Then he closed the switch again. His hand grasped the key. His fingers were not trembling now. He had the Benares' questionable position open before him and he tapped it out. From the main deck a loud shouting reached them. Jimmy Gordon looked out. The raft was launched. The men were beginning to clamber down the ladder. Peter Droban stood up and pushed Jimmy out of the radio room.

"Go ahead," he urged. "They're cutting the raft loose. Go ahead."

"Not while you—"

"I can jump. Later."

THEY were at the rail, arguing. "You got that girl to think of, Jimmy. Fine woman. I know. I can tell. You take care of her. And the kid. Wait'll you get home and hear him squall. You wait and see. You'll think his voice is better than Caruso's ever was. Sure you will."

He put both his hands on Gordon's shoulders suddenly and shoved. Jimmy, taken completely by surprise, went toppling over the side. Peter waited only long enough to see them snake a line out to him from the drifting raft. Then he turned, rubbing his hands together. He went back to the radio room and his homemade spark. And he sat down at the operating desk with a deep, contented sigh.

"By heaven!" he said aloud to the still and empty ship. "By heaven, this is like old times again. Oh, but this is fine."

Out on that ocean in a hundred different ships, the modern radiomen suddenly pricked up their ears. Eyes narrowed or went wide with fascination, and fingers reached nervously for tuning dials. The air fell away to absolute silence, except for the rasping, growling note of Peter Droban's spark in the crackling static, and the occasional quick tube-bark of the passenger liner that had first acknowledged his call of distress and kept control of the air for him.

A lantern-jawed fellow in a west-coast tramp dropped his feet abruptly to the deck and clamped his headphones down upon his ears. Why, it was years, he thought, years since he'd heard a note like that on the air, or those old "Q" signals that fellow used. Some old-timer, like as not, caught in a pinch, who had rigged a homemade set to see him through his trouble. Lord, he came in sweet! A little slow, perhaps, but those symbols didn't falter, the code was clean and crisp, and he knew what he was about. Sending test signals now, while Cavite and that liner Mariposa and an oil tanker checked him in with their direction finders. . . . Spotted him! . . . There they went, shooting their bearings across to each other. . . . Calling him now, the liner was, batting out acknowledgment.

"KQQZ," she spat. "OK here. OK. Stand by. We should reach you in less than six hours. Stand by."

(Continued on page 50)



and twisted metal. He was staring ruefully down at the rubble. Captain Lorimer looked at it with haggard quiet.

"What you been up to, Sparks?"

Jimmy Gordon grimaced with pain. "That last big green fella cleaned it, sir. Must have been a ninth sea, all right. It almost got me, too. Droban found me with my head banged against the generator base. I must have been out cold, because I don't remember much. Arm's busted. He tied me up." Jimmy groaned. "What a mess."

Captain Lorimer stepped carefully in over the wreckage and looked around. He was very tired. "Are you out of commission, Sparks?"

"I'm afraid so, sir. Receiver's all right. But I don't know what I can do with that. The transmitter is—"

He stopped short. The shuffling auxiliaries below went silent, and the ominous stillness became suddenly intense in the louder wash of the sea. The Benares heaved down drunkenly and didn't rise. The master raised his head. He knew what it meant. The chief was closing down. He could imagine the oily water,

planned it that way. Gordon looked at it and then back at Peter's wrinkled face.

"What's that?"

"Induction coil. And two electrodes up above. Got any batteries, Jim?"

"Sure. A whole bank. But—"

"Let's hook them up to this, those of them that are whole. We've got to get on the air, Jimmy!"

HE WENT to work, swiftly, with a light in his eyes. Gordon said nothing, but helped as best he could. Presently they were ready with the first original crude circuit that wireless had ever used. And they stopped then for a moment, looking at each other. The loud-speaker babbled on, a confused jumble of noise. But to those two it had meaning. It spoke their language.

"Droban," Jimmy said, "I don't know whether I can work that key with my left hand. But I'll—"

"What's your call?"

"KQQZ."

Peter sat down. He looked up, working his fingers; flexing them. Then he smiled solemnly. "Almost twenty years,



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY EDWARD STEICHEN

Who Bluffed

By Henry F. Pringle

The bright career of Miss Rosalind Russell, who never missed a chance through want of a good story. A clever girl who talked her way to success by using her imagination—and talent

LIFE was once quite simple for a Hollywood lovely. When she wanted a new leading man or more close-ups or a better part, she merely took a deep breath and had a fit of hysterics. She nearly always got what she wanted. But the scheme doesn't work any more. Even the most softhearted producer now yawns when soprano shrieks rend the air. Rivers of mascara on parchment cheeks do not move him.

Miss Rosalind Russell, whose career in the films has now mounted to stardom, would have had no conscientious scruple against hysterics. On the other hand, she would never have found them necessary because she has other, more effective, devices. Among these is an ability to bluff her way through almost any situation. It is also an incontrovertible fact that Rosalind deals lightly with the truth when, by so doing, she can get her long and slender legs up another rung on the ladder to fame.

Sometimes she gets caught, but not often. In 1927 she was a fresh and verdant graduate of a dramatic school in New York. She wanted a job, of course, and she heard that a youthful producer was planning a summer stock season up in the Adirondack Mountains. Rosalind arranged to meet him in New York.

"What kind of parts do you play?" he asked.

"I'm qualified for second leads," she lied.

Apparently he was quite impressed, after listening to extended and wholly imaginary details of her stage experience. In fact, to her amazement, the youthful producer said that she could be the troupe's leading woman.

"I'll require \$125 a week," she said blandly.

"Well, I guess so," he agreed doubtfully. "But I'm going to get in trouble for this. My partner, you see, had a girl in mind that we could have for almost nothing. He said she was just a kid, but very talented."

The contract was duly executed, however, and Miss Russell reported at Saranac Lake in July. The youthful producer, his partner and most of the players came down to meet the leading woman's train. She alighted and greeted them graciously. But a half second later she was wishing with fervor that she were somewhere else. The partner, whom Rosalind had not met until now, was looking at her with a glassy stare and was clutching his associate by the arm.

"So *that's* the leading woman we're paying \$125 a week!" he moaned. "You incredible nitwit! She's the same girl I had in mind. I saw her in the graduation play at her dramatic school. We could have hired her for \$30. My God, she might even have paid us for the experience!"

The best Rosalind could do was to turn slightly green and to promise that she would work very, very hard. The anecdote has a most immoral conclusion: a contract was a contract, so she got her \$125 each week. She did work hard and showed talent. She was invited to join the company the following summer and the whole thing, no doubt, merely heightened her tendency to trample on the truth.

About a year ago, roughly, the anniversary of her arrival in Hollywood, Miss Russell was offered the leading role in *Craig's Wife*, a movie to be fashioned

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Make the Most of Winter

Continued from page 19

contains vital vitamins. Some of these, automatically present in well-balanced summer rations, may be replaced in winter by orange, tomato or perhaps sauerkraut juice.

You must eat leafy vegetables—lettuce, spinach, water cress, turnip leaves or cabbage—to secure the invaluable inorganic salts which they contain. But remember you are defeating your purpose unless you cook these vegetables for the minimum length of time required to have them done, and use the minimum amount of water. If you fill your kettle too full so that the excess must be poured off, there go your minerals down the drain.

The most important inorganic salt is calcium, an intimate part of the whole defensive mechanism of the body, and the one most likely to be lacking in sufficient quantity. If you want to get on the alkaline side, be sure you are well equipped with this essential buffer food. Milk, our chief source of calcium, should never be omitted from the diet of child or adult.

But calcium, to fulfill its high destiny, must invite for collaborator Vitamin D, which comes coasting down the actinic rays from the sun. For a number of meteorological reasons, the potency of these rays may vary greatly in different sections. Wherever there is a dearth of sun, such as in the great Middle West where it practically goes into retirement from November to April, some substitute is especially necessary. This may consist of drinking irradiated milk, eating irradiated bread, exposing the body to an ultraviolet-ray lamp, devouring the extraordinarily distasteful oil of the cod or the halibut or trade preparations which sometimes combine it in pleasanter and more concentrated doses.

Get Exercised

Body building cannot go forward satisfactorily until the toxins are removed; to achieve this most people now admit exercise is desirable for others, if not for themselves. If the Presidents of the United States have not been above exercising, why should you be? You might not have been able to keep pace with the strenuous T. R. on a point-to-point walk, but you surely could have gone riding in an automobile with Woodrow Wilson to a golf course. Calvin Coolidge had a favorite electric velocipede on which he pedaled furiously toward prosperity, often applying a contrivance which made it harder for him to surmount imaginary hills. Herbert Hoover gathered his friends about him to sport with the ponderous medicine ball—over the arm, under the arm, over the head, between the legs. President Roosevelt's daily swim is essential to the efficient performance of his duties.

Exercise in winter requires greater thought, concentration, and power of will if the easier way, the road to ill health, is to be avoided. Often a man is so precious of his comfort that he will not walk to office or train and he performs grudgingly the necessary chores of shoveling snow off sidewalks or coal into furnaces. He is not amused. Such activities he classifies as work. Then what is he to do?

Anyone can turn on the radio at seven in the morning, and posture before the open window—up, down, left, right, swing, turn, bend, raise; the orchestra plays merrily; the canary birds twitter; the jocular voice of the director intersperses quips with commands. Or, if exercising alone be too austere, almost anyone may join a gymnasium class. For example, the Whitehall Club in New York City offers its members a regular session during the hour before lunch. Should one desire even more conviviality, he may reserve a squash or Badminton court, or perhaps a bowling alley.

But do not try to cram into a few moments the amount of exertion to which you would devote an hour in summer. Fatigue has a double effect; the toxins are not disposed of and the heart, always the focus of strain, grows tired. The rule to follow is, as always, safeguard the heart. If, alarmed by your waistline, you make up your mind to get in trim, you must start in gradually. It is so easy to miscalculate physical endurance.

Sporting for Health

"Winter sports" has a merrier sound than the humdrum word "gymnasium." It carries memories of the jingle of bells and bright costumes against the white background. Children of all ages find tremendous zest in the swift scooping up of snow, the hasty rounding pats, and the half-aimed throw. Or in modeling a

trains to near-by hills and valleys, the skilled swoop gracefully down the slopes; the less experienced tumble mirthfully into snowbanks.

Popular in both town and country, at Kansas City as well as Lake Placid, are tobogganing and bobsledding. These cannot properly be called exercise when the effete hire motor trucks to haul them to the top. Nor does sleigh riding in the straw-filled wagon boxes on runners, pleasant as it is, call for much exertion, yet down in Maine it is a highly esteemed relaxation, an offspring of New England conscience coupled with comfortable juxtaposition.

None of these snow and ice sports is a health hazard in itself, though it might be as well to have along a plaster for your skin and a bandage for your brow. In all seriousness, I recommend protecting your eyes from the intense light and

needs less air than an ailing one. Because of an intensive campaign of education regarding the virtues of fresh air, most people think it essential to open the windows wide, summer and winter. Actually, opening them a mere crack will, at zero, provide as much ventilation as full length will do at eighty degrees. The interchange of air is so much more rapid if the interior heat and the exterior cold are widely separated in degrees; the slightest draft sets the air moving violently.

You are apt to ascribe a feeling of being stifled in overheated rooms to the presence of the heat itself and feel that you must get a few "breaths of fresh air." The modern explanation is that your discomfort is due to the fact that you are breathing still air. The change to moving air has a profound effect on the system, although scientists do not yet know the reason why.

Generally speaking, little harm is done by getting cold all over, unless the tissues are actually devitalized. It is drafts which are associated with stiff necks and sore throats. If dancing is to come under the head of winter exercise, it carries its own hazards. The ballroom grows warm and a suffering male, self-conscious about his wilting collar, opens a window. A chill draft strikes the bare shoulders of his partner.

"Who opened that window? Please close it quickly," she implores. But two minutes later it is surreptitiously opened again by another dark shadow; four minutes afterward shut. The ballroom window is strictly an open-and-shut proposition.

Fashion in dress has decreed that a woman's throat should alternately be exposed or protected by fur. At the present writing, fur, unless we except coats, is little more than a decoration. By a similar change high-button shoes, gaiters and spats have given way to a thin mesh of silk around the ankles. We are now beginning to swaddle our children in snow suits; a few years ago they were apparently just as healthy with chapped knees and wrists. These swift transformations would seem to indicate that bundling up in one place and exposing in another does no harm.

The best advice I can give is this: Clothe yourself lightly in a warm house and put on a heavy overcoat when you go out. This simple rule is sensible and suited to our present living conditions.

Breathe and Glow

One of the best methods for warming up and, more important, for preventing a chill from materializing into a cold, is to take deep breaths. Instead of huddling with scrooped shoulders so as to expose the least possible surface, stand with your heels together and your arms a little forward; inhale gradually, bringing your arms up, throwing your shoulders back, and rising on your toes until your lungs are filled; then, with equal calm, deliberation and concentration, reverse the process. Almost any able-bodied individual, after performing this rite ten times, will find himself glowing again, and ready for fun.

One fallacy, widely current and fervently followed, is that, before venturing out of doors, a little nip is an excellent bulwark against winter's rages. But, as a matter of fact, this practice expands the blood vessels, and when the cold air strikes them the cooling process takes place more rapidly. A chill results. To nip is not necessary to ward off a chill; hot tea does just as well. Yet, if nip you must, the time for it is not before but after exposure. Toss it down when you are standing with your back to the roaring fire. Secure in the consciousness of virtue, consider the resultant internal warmth a well-earned reward for hard-won health.



"Bet I'm the only girl in this room who'll marry a millionaire" BEN ROTH

snowman, with a caricature of a face—coals for eyes, a beet for a nose, a corn-cob in his mouth, topped off with a hat, rakishly askew.

The exhilaration of skating brings together both sexes and all ages for common enjoyment on ice-flooded tennis courts as well as country ponds. In Quebec, where the intense cold necessitates windows three deep and the snow creaks underfoot, the glide and the pirouette have long been a fine art. It was so in '99 when I was first there, and is so still. Every night the brightly uniformed band blares the latest rhythms and the couples swing over the ice on skates to the graceful waltz. Our own carnivals, of surpassing beauty and enchantment, embellished with imported talent, are now encouraging the youth of America to go and do likewise.

Skiing, an equally joyous sport, is restricted to certain localities, though we in America are fortunately blessed in mountains. After journeying on snow

blinding sun. You are perhaps in no imminent danger of going snow-blind as do Arctic hunters and explorers, but you will appreciate the relief afforded by Crookes glasses. The pale amber lenses remove the glare with the least hindrance to visibility.

Through the Nose

Breathing in cold air does more than give you rosy cheeks. Your respiration is stimulated, you breathe more deeply and consequently the blood is more thoroughly oxygenated, thus meeting the greater demand for warmth. It is, however, more important to breathe through the nose, nature's provision for warming incoming air before it reaches the lungs. Inhaling frigid air directly may harm the lung tissue and pave the way for pneumonia. Sleeping out of doors is healthful if the bed is heaped high enough with blankets to keep in the warmth. Nevertheless, a hardy person

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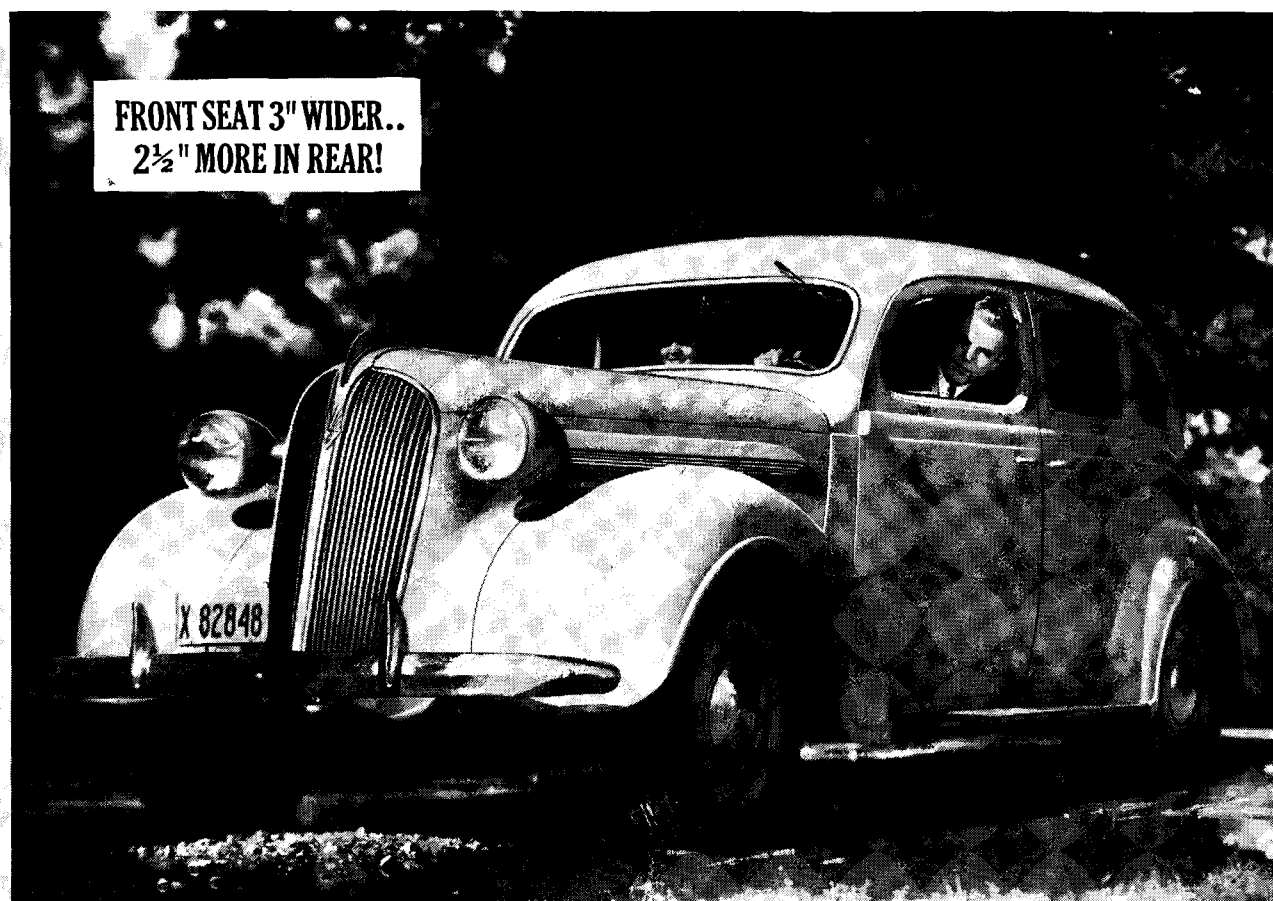
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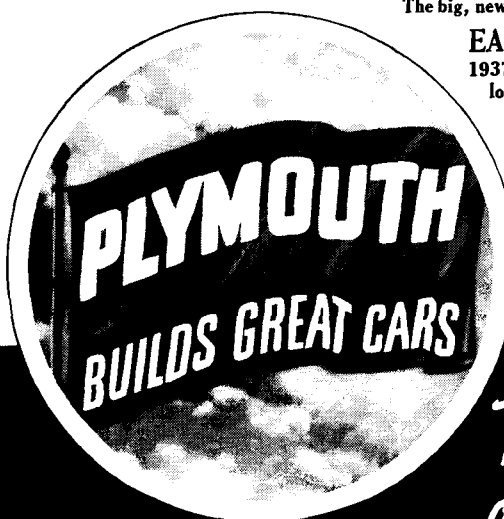


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FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE



Harry H. Schwartz, new Democratic senator from Wyoming



Allen J. Ellender, who fills the Louisiana Senate vacancy



Ed C. Johnson, new Democratic senator from Colorado

Mr. Roosevelt's Congress

Continued from page 15

Look as you may, you'll not see the Honorable Daniel O. Hastings of Delaware. Mr. Hastings was not a large man but he hated the New Deal all out of proportion to his size. In Delaware they told us that his loathing of Mr. Roosevelt and his policies was more than a question of principle with Mr. Hastings; he viewed the whole New Deal as a personal affront and used to bite his thumb until it bled every time the name of Rexford Guy Tugwell was mentioned. Mr. Hastings hated himself right out of the Senate. His chair will be occupied by a political dabbler, Mr. James Hurd Hughes, sixty-nine years old, snow-capped, whimsically humorous, gently cynical and ready to agree that almost anything, including the New Deal, is all right if it works. Mr. Hughes, a Delaware Democrat (one of the few in captivity), will not fight Mr. Roosevelt. Neither will he ecstatically love him.

Gone too is W. Warren Barbour of New Jersey, a Republican who looked like a Democrat and occasionally, when

younger, acted like one: he was an amateur prize fighter. Rich, huge, curly, he was a New Deal tut-tutter but was too good-natured to hate well. He was defeated by the lanky fellow who is listening (and well he might!) to the Honorable Bob Wagner of New York. This new New Deal Democrat is Mr. William Henry Smathers. Mr. Smathers is a lawyer out of North Carolina. He has never taken the trouble to master New Jersey English. But if you're looking for color, for rip-snorting, hog-calling and bush-beating, you need not linger in Mr. Smathers' vicinity. He'll take his cue from Carter Glass of Virginia as often as he will from the White House.

But yonder, ascowl, aloof, looking very much as if he was eager to disapprove of something new, is a newcomer who isn't going to do any headlong following. He is Mr. Ernest Lundeen of Minnesota. Mr. Lundeen is a Nonpartisan Leaguer of whom it is said that politically he is a pretty straight shooter but has a way of back-firing without notice and traveling equally well in either

direction. When the campaign began Mr. Lundeen's chances of coming to the Senate were about as remote as they were of becoming President. He wasn't running for either job. But when the flamboyant Floyd B. Olson, Minnesota's governor, who was promoting himself for the Senate, died, Mr. Lundeen was tapped for the honor. Mr. Lundeen used to be on the other end of the Capitol—in the House of Representatives—where he and the Honorable Liberty Bill Lemke (whom Mr. Lundeen supported for President) tore their shirts in behalf of farm moratoriums, monetary inflation and nationalization of banking. He's an intelligent but easily ignited radical and probably will make a great deal of noise before long.

Considered as a whole and remembering the blood-freezing prophecies of Mr. Roosevelt's disorganized opposition, the scene is disappointing. It is as quiet as it ever was in the pre-war days when, suddenly and in the midst of a silence which frequently was mistaken for dig-

(Continued on page 30)

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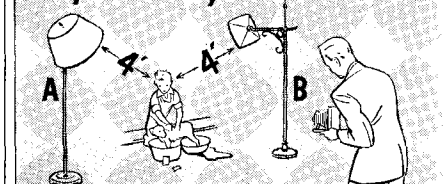
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C. O. Andrews (left) and Claude Pepper (right) are Florida's new Democratic senators

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Chances are, you'll never go through another winter the *old* way, once you've tried the *modern* way of preparing yourself ahead! It is such a satisfaction to know that instead of waiting for winter conditions to start, you've done something *in advance* to help protect yourself.

Low general resistance helps to explain why common winter discomforts are prevalent right now. Too little exercise, fresh air or sunshine tend to deplete your physical forces at this season. So as a first line of defense, build up your *general resistance*! Start now with *Adex*.

Taken every day, *Adex* may contribute greatly to your comfort all winter. It will supply you with Vitamin A, the factor which helps *more than any other vitamin* to build good general resistance.

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Get *Adex* today and take it *regularly*. The way to get best results is to make it a daily routine. Have it handy on the breakfast table as a reminder every morning.

Now at any reliable drug store in pleasant tablets or capsules. Remember, *Adex* is prepared exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

(Continued from page 29)

nified celebration, half the members were wont to leave the chamber in a body. The late Mr. Champ Clark explained it one day. Said he: "They've just heard the stock market drop."

Here in the Senate the only excitement we could see was in the immediate vicinity of a boyish-looking new member who bore a distinguished name, whose grandfather, almost singlehanded, ruined the fondest post-war dream of the great Woodrow Wilson. The young fellow is Henry Cabot Lodge II, of Massachusetts. Mr. Lodge, thirty-four years old, a patrician, a high-tariff protectionist, is an intelligent and painstaking politician. He will fight the New Deal with vigor and a Back Bay accent. But already, Massachusetts has cause to be grateful to Mr. Lodge; he defeated the Honorable James M. Curley, who aspired Democratically from the governor's office to be senator. Around Mr. Lodge you see Senator Frederick Hale of Maine, Senator Robinson of Arkansas, Senator Harrison of Mississippi, Hiram Johnson of California, Arthur Capper of Kansas and other old-timers. We're told that they are telling him what a great man his grandfather was. In spite of that he smiles.

Incidentally, little Mr. Hale is about the only Senate survivor of the true Old Guard. Mr. Hale is of stanch material, still a reactionary, still standing where his party stood when Mr. McKinley was President. His few fellow Republicans—the Cappers, the McNarys, the Vandenberges, the Johnsons, and so on—either came to the Senate with the imprint of the heels of the Wild Jackass on the seats of their pants or have expediently become sans-culottes. Most of these gentlemen were either too ill or too wise to give their all to Mr. Landon. But Mr. Hale did not compromise. And he is not going to.

Napoleon Comes to Washington

Naturally, Mr. Hale will not stand all alone in his vote against New Dealisms. But the most he can hope for is occasional, perhaps frequent, association with such gentlemen as his Maine colleague, Wallace H. White, brand-new H. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, John G. Townsend of Delaware, James J. Davis of Pennsylvania, Warren R. Austin and Ernest W. Gibson of Vermont, Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, Frederick Steiwer of Oregon and Mr. Lodge. Some of these senators were not up for re-election in November. Otherwise Mr. Hale would be lonelier.

We behold in the Senate exactly sixteen Republicans, two Farmer-Laborites, one Progressive and one Independent—Mr. Norris. But we behold, too, seventy-five Democrats. Of the sixteen Republicans, Messrs. Borah, Nye, McNary, Capper, Frazier and Hiram Johnson will give Mr. Roosevelt their yeses more frequently than their noes. Only two Democrats can be depended upon to proceed slowly—Virginia's Glass and Byrd, although they may be able to rally a few less headlong Jeffersonians like Mr. Hughes of Delaware. It took us quite a while to walk from the Senate to the House because twenty or thirty persons insisted upon telling us what the early Roosevelt strategy would be and how much freer the Land of the Free would be by 1940. We learned that the White House was prepared to follow battle principles followed with considerable if less than lasting success by Napoleon—win decisive battles first and skirmish afterward. This, we were informed, was superior tactics today in Washington because a vast majority of the Congress were still awed by the proportions of Mr. Roosevelt's victory at the polls. Most of the legislating gentlemen aren't

at all sure that their own victories were not incidental.

We spoke to a number of members who were quite frank to say that they had been sent to Congress without any other orders than to do what the President wanted. Others having sensed no such blanket mandate from the voters were inclined to the opinion that in the absence of specific orders they had better clamber aboard the Roosevelt train and remain there until they heard from home. And there was evidence that the white-collar worker, hitherto impotent between the organized lines of labor and capital, was going to be a potent political fellow for the next few months.

Unions for the White-Collar Men

For example, one member told us that the bulk of his mail from constituents bade him favor legislation promoted by Mr. Lewis over that sponsored by Mr. Green—if and when such a choice was to be made. And something like ninety per cent of such instruction came from unorganized clerical workers, shop assistants, store clerks and young professional folk. And he was not the only member who was receiving such instructions; virtually all his associates to whom he had mentioned the fact had said: "Me, too." This, it was explained, permitted of but one interpretation: that the white-collar worker was yearning for unionization. And that the new C. I. O. looked more inviting and friendly than the old A. F. of L.

Before 1940, we were assured, the United States would be the most labor-unionized country in the world. Hopes are always high in the morning. And Mr. Roosevelt was expected to encourage every move made toward that end. Whether the trend might continue up to Congress itself was a matter of lighter discussion, there being some doubt of the feasibility of a congressional delegation picketing the voters or whether the electorate would not be quite as well satisfied if their legislators did walk out. The potentialities of the C. I. O. possibilities were, however, being discussed with general gravity.

The lack of color so noticeable in the Senate was apparent in the new House. As the upper chamber contains no Huey Longs neither does the House produce any Marion Zionchecks or Vito Marcantonios. Mr. Zioncheck of Washington is dead and in his place has come a sedate gentleman of whose name we made careful note. But we've lost it. And Mr. Marcantonio of New York City, who kept himself in condition by sassing cops at labor rallies, was defeated, giving way to a less volatile politician who can be depended upon to remain at the presidential heel and not fritter away his time chasing private rabbits.

Anyway, whatever Mr. Roosevelt wants the House to do it will probably leap to obey. Three hundred and thirty-four Representatives are Democrats. There are eighty-nine Republicans, many of whom are prepared to prove that there is less in a name today than there used to be. And seven Progressives and five Farmer-Laborites, none of whom are likely to be hailed by the United States Chamber of Commerce as heroes.

Whole carloads of members, old and new, arrived with their handbags and large trunks, the latter containing proposed legislation written by the more imaginative members of their constituencies, and the former containing their clothes. Most of these bills will be unloaded upon Congress at once. Few will ever reappear upon the floor. They would accomplish everything from setting up government plow and harvester factories, the products to be sold to farmers at cost in sixty monthly installments, to giving the railroads back to the Indians. We heard of one meas-

ure which would nationalize all transportation facilities and permit the farmer to ship his goods thereon on a percentage basis. After the farmer had disposed of his shipped crops he would pay the government five per cent of his gross receipts. Numerous bills would take from Congress the right to declare war, turning that function over to the national electorate. Another would confiscate the wealth of all Americans marrying members of foreign nobilities or persons prominent in the political, economic or military activities of other lands. At least one bill would prohibit American-born persons living abroad from deriving income from American holdings, and another would place a tremendous tax upon all persons spending more than two hundred and fifty dollars for anything in foreign countries except food and lodging.

When Capitol Hill Settles Down

But there is always the atmosphere of the psychopathic ward about the first few days of Congress. After all the demands for government cough drops, free electricity, prohibition of department-store window displays, coffee, European wines and foreign-language newspapers and menu cards have been made and forgotten, Capitol Hill settles down to doing what it is told.

Perhaps we're not much of a prophet. We've never noticed large throngs of people surging down upon us for guidance. Perhaps we should be thankful. But we saw nothing in all Washington that gave us to think that they were right who, a few months ago, were assuring us that within a year or two, unless Mr. Roosevelt were retired to private life, the difference between the U. S. A. and U. S. S. R. would be merely alphabetical.

On the day before Mr. Roosevelt set sail for Buenos Aires he received a hundred newspaper correspondents—the first important press conference since his re-election. We had been present at only one other such gathering, two years ago when the country was still fearful, still haunted, still crying havoc. At that conference, two years ago, the President's far-famed smile was constantly on his face. His answers to questions, fumbling and direct, were airy, taunting, lightly general and even wise-cracking. And he led the laughing, a great deal of which sounded forced in our unaccustomed ears. There was, it seemed to us, a great deal of graveyard whistling and after-dark psalm singing.

The President Has Grown Up

But this time there was no jesting, no funny falls, no light fantasies, no gags. We had expected to see a man in whose attitude there would be consciousness of overwhelming endorsement. We were prepared to make allowances for certain victory mannerisms, shows of superiority, patronage and divine right. But there was nothing like that. The presidency has aged him in more than years.

Mr. Roosevelt was unsmiling, gravely candid, unassuming. Instead of triumphant he seemed impressed. We asked a number of his audience whether what we saw was new. And they, perhaps too close to the subject to be sensitive to it, agreed that it was.

We hope we haven't been fulsome. At any rate we give you our impressions merely because it occurred to us that the schedules and programs which Congress is now waiting to receive will be those of a man who is doing a lot of unemotional thinking.

And the chances are excellent that he will not be interrupted by Congress for months, that body being prepared to yell Yea for some time to come—even when it's the wrong answer.

I tried to get in touch with the girl, naturally, but no dice, and being on the committee I didn't have a lot of time on my hands or feet either. Our rivals came across the valley en masse for the meet. I forgot to say that there are other events beside the ski jump. A ten-mile race in the forenoon and a skill contest called a *slalom*. The Condors won first and third in the race. We took first in the *slalom*. The total score was therefore 15 for us and 21 for them. That meant we had to win first and either second or third in the jump to beat them.

About two o'clock everybody moved over to the ski jump. I'd got done checking up on the Condors' comfort and had gone back to pick up my jumping skis when finally I saw Kay. She came rushing over to me, in the greatest of excitement, and said, "Mort, where's Gracey? Oh, isn't it too sickening?"

"If you can't find Gracey, it must be sickening," I said.

Her eyes widened then in the best put-on innocent surprise she ever achieved. "Idiot, haven't you heard? Zig Astor's stepped into a snowed-over hole and broken his ankle."

The different things that meant began tumbling about my ears like a pile of bricks. But Kay wasn't giving me time to separate them. "Don't stand there like that. Haven't you seen Gracey, anywhere? He's got to go in now. He's our one chance at a first."

"Are you completely crazy at last?" I asked her. "Just because you think you're like that about him—"

"With all your faults, I didn't think you were small, Mort Harrison," she said.

"My size doesn't matter," I said, and I was getting mad. "All I'm trying to say is that Gracey'd simply be a disgrace to us, falling every minute."

"You're jealous," she said. "You're simply afraid that if he goes in he'll beat you."

"I'd slap you down for that, if there weren't so many witnesses around," I said. "Sue me for breach of promise, if I don't do it when it's over. And just for that, I'll make him go in. It'll cure you of your cockeyed hallucinations."

"Oh, Gracey!" She was off. She'd seen him, and ran over to him. Zig Astor, sitting very white on a chair, was talking to Mr. Keene, who is a kind of faculty busybody in sports matters. Kay reached them with Gracey, and I could see them arguing. I walked over, but they'd already convinced Gracey, who ran to get his skis. Kay flashed a look of triumph in my direction as if to say, "Well, we didn't need your help for that either." But I was beyond caring, I was so hot. Fumed up and pepped up at the same time, and I don't know which the most.

AT LAST I had my chance to show my dog a pair of wings, but chiefly to show Kay the kind of man she'd thrown over. If I ever hated anybody it was Kay, Gracey, and myself. But the warning bugle was blowing and I didn't have time to straighten it out. I climbed those endless steps to the top of the tower and looked off into the nothingness, black at the bottom with a thousand people.

Have you ever stood on the top of a man-size ski jump? I was reading one of those books that guys write and he said the view was "alarming." I guess he was the same guy that called the World War a jolly little scrap. Our tower jacks you up so high that the crowd at the end of the runout looks like your little finger. Far below you at the foot of the upper hill there's an edge,

(Continued on page 40)



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STRONGEST BATTERY GUARANTEE EVER WRITTEN

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And that's possible. In an actual road test, certified by Western Union, the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak pulled a 3150 lb. car 1836 feet in low gear and on battery power alone! Just imagine what this extra reserve power means in an emergency!



SPUN GLASS RETAINER MATS LIGHT AS A FEATHER

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Goodrich
KATHANODE
Electro-Pak BATTERY

(Continued from page 39)

the take-off, and you're going over it. Below that again is the lower hill, steep as a roof. You're going to land on that, after sailing through the air, and when you land you've got to stand or the jump won't count, and keep on standing while you kite down at sixty miles an hour between the double wall of faces. It's a honey.

Luckily there wasn't time to think about it before the warm-up jump. I did mine in a daze, like philosophy class, but it went all right. Gracey followed me, and while he didn't fall, he had such rotten form it somehow added to my soreness at everything. "You spifficated piece of shoestring," I said to him under my breath when we were on the platform again for our first jump that counted. "You haven't got a drop of what it takes in your baby veins."

"That's one thing you can't show me," he said, his face like marble.

"Can't I? Watch me, you crawling nose-in-the-mud."

They'd called my number, the bugle sounded, and I pushed off. I was too mad to think straight. The old body did my crouching for me. My skis got to the take-off of their own accord. I did my spring as if someone else was inside me. The old devil balance sweetened itself while I flew through the air. I scarcely felt the jar when I connected with the lower hill and never bothered to doubt as to whether I'd stand or not. So I did. I rushed on down between the blur of white faces, held everything during the runout and stopped okay. The measuremen drew their tape back from the track and sang out something I couldn't hear. The crowd applauded, but they did that for nearly everybody.

"Attaboy, Mort," some fellow called. "One hundred and forty-six." I'd known it was a pretty good jump for me, but 146! Nine feet over my old record. Five feet behind Zig's record. Seven and a half feet behind Powelson's. I sure had improved. But I didn't have time to gloat, for Gracey was coming.

His blue shirt was hidden from me by the lip of the take-off for a second, then out he shot. I could see he had good control, in his old form. He landed with that safe, even-balanced ballet-dancer dip that looks so graceful and takes legs of steel and came whizzing down toward me. His face was just a white streak as he zoomed past. He'd done it, and something like a choke came into my throat. Then I remembered, and the choke went away. The tapemen yelled 150½. I climbed up the steps with the crowd's cheers confusing me. Powelson sailed out again for 154, a glorious jump that kept him first place all right. Fred Parsons pulled in a 152¼ for us. Nifty Kuhn chalked up 148½ for the Condors.

IN THE excitement I might have forgotten my private mad, but when Gracey panted up the steps, just before my turn, he said, "So you had a bit of luck, did you?" A dirty crack.

"Who in hell are you to talk about luck?" I said. "You stand up by accident, and then get full of lip. Well, keep it to yourself." And I shoved off.

I wasn't so good this time, but I stood, and they called 144½, and Gracey was in the air. It was a gorgeous jump, bolder than the first, and they gave him 153. Just a foot behind Powelson. And did the crowd go wild? Walking up between those blasts of noise and watching Powelson make 155½ on his last jump and seeing Fred Parsons fall and Nifty Kuhn doing 152 was enough to dizzy a fellow. Everything depended on Gracey now, everything for the Snow-hawks, that is. The old bean wasn't registering any more. The subconscious was doing all the business. Maybe I'd have buried the hatchet temporarily and slapped Gracey on the back and told him

to go to it. But he ended that. "So you've given up," he said to me, as he arrived on the platform. "You're handing it to the Condors, just like you handed Kay to me. No guts."

"You've got a hell of a nerve to talk about guts," I said.

"You'd lie down sooner than make an effort, Kay says," he went on.

"You'll take that back just before I bust your kisser so you'll never kiss Kay or anybody else," I said.

"It's your kissing time that's over, you mean," he said.

"Watch Kay and see," I said, white with rage as the bugle sounded and I pushed over like all hell.

I was so mad it almost did for me. I was halfway down the first slide before I'd got my knees together and had to surge out extra hard to throw my balance right. I had an immense sensation of flying, flying, flying, as if there were no end, and when I met the slope it was just a kiss. I held it while the giant hand flipped me down the white way and I was still standing as I tore out into the runout and made my turn. It was over and I began to tremble like so much water. Over the crowd's noise I caught the distance, 151 feet. It didn't mean anything, even though it was my own record, for it didn't get me even the bronze or a count against the Condors. I just stood there in the cold sun. Gracey's bugle went and he started. Everything depended on this jump.

He looked awfully tiny up there, tipping forward, disappearing, and then shooting out from the take-off like a bluebird blown from a gun. I could see this was going to be a marvel and held my breath. On and down he floated. I guess I prayed for him to stand, this moment being above persons, and he did, in the old wonderful way, the dragonfly-on-the-lily-pad way, and came whizzing on at eighty miles an hour, set and glori-

ous beyond words. The crowd let out a roar you could've heard over into Vermont. And still he stood, and turned in a cloud of snow, and I heard the tapemen yell out 159—159—159!

He had done it. He didn't push back but came sliding up to me. His face was still white and his eyes serious, but there was a grin starting. I didn't wonder he was satisfied. I held out my hand. "Congrats, kid," I said. "The finest jump I ever saw."

"Pity you couldn't see yours," he said. "So you did it after all. Some jumping," he went on. "One hundred and sixty-one feet. That's a record that will stand for some time."

"It was 159," I said. "You don't need to boost it."

He looked at me queerly. "Are you really nuts?" he asked hoarsely, "or didn't you hear right? You jumped 161 feet. Listen to 'em yelling for you. You've beaten the Condors and won the golden wings, and I'm proud as hell."

I WAS still dazed, trying to take it all in, as Kay pushed her way through the approaching crowd and ran to us. Her face was alive with eagerness. "Oh, you blessed bums!" she cried. "I want to kiss you both."

"All right, shall I duck?" I said, being, as I said, confused.

Gracey took each of us by an arm. "Kay," he said, "shall we tell him now?"

"No, if he can't know by himself—" and she gave me that look.

I stood there like a paralyzed ape. Gracey said, "We had to get your mind on the jumping, didn't we? Kay never wrote me any letters, Mort. I never phoned her. She didn't even go away. I only said those things—I didn't mean them. You know that."

I looked at Kay and saw it was true. And just then the crowd closed tight around us.



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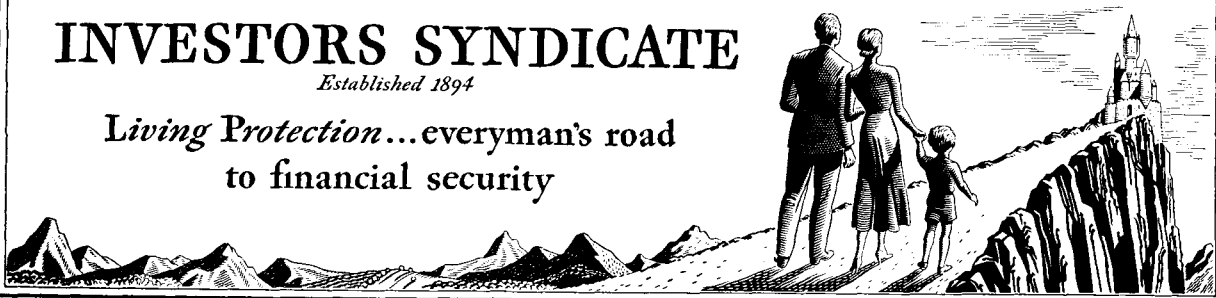
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The Governor's Method

Continued from page 17

for snakes. Sammy was really interested. She read the names on the stones. "Died at sea." "Died of Yellow Jack." Her eyes sparkled.

"I wish I'd lived in those days," she cried. "They were real men. They weren't scared to take a chance."

Philip frowned. I mustn't say anything, he thought. But of course he did.

"That's just what I mean, Sammy," he said gently. "Look at the dates on the stones. Most of those men died under thirty-five."

"They were real men," cried Sammy, looking at the grave of one Sam'l Grover, died at sea in 1851 at the age of twenty-four. "I wish I'd lived in those days."

"Your heroes would have made you wear a hoop skirt and pantalettes. And they'd have left you back home to weed the hollyhocks and teach Sunday school."

"I don't believe it," Sammy's cheeks were flushed and her voice was rising. "Dull, dull, dull! You never take a chance, and you make fun of anyone who does. You're just like Aunt Martha. That's why I won't marry you. I won't. I won't."

SHE ran to the car and climbed in. When Philip arrived, she was looking fixedly in the other direction. The afternoon was definitely ruined. Other afternoons had been ruined before by the same line of discussion. When they reached the hotel, Sammy went to her room. She was crying by this time and before she disappeared she looked back over her shoulder, a little sorry.

But Philip didn't see. Idly he drifted toward the bar. Among other consolations he needed a drink. He ordered a straight Scotch and tossed it off. Then he heard a soft voice behind him.

"You are early, my friend," said the voice in singing Spanish, "but we have a saying in Mexico, 'Tequila is always waiting.' That is what we say."

Philip turned around. Behind him stood the governor of Jalisco, smiling affably, his two Yaqui guards at his elbows.

"Yes," he elaborated, "often women keep us waiting. Sometimes they do not come at all. But tequila is always there."

Philip and the governor drank side by side, seriously, for many minutes. Then the governor looked at Philip with understanding and compassion.

"No," he said, softly, "it is not always good to talk sense to a woman you love."

"You're right," agreed Philip. "I know it. She wants me to be reckless—romantic. But I want to stay alive and marry her, not die and have her tell her husband how brave I was."

"We've both got brains," said the governor. "I'm a very timid man. I take no chances at all."

"No?"

"None at all. I want to stay alive and govern my native state. Perhaps I shall be president sometime."

"How do you do it? Defying death is the Mexican national sport. Sammy thinks I'm a coward, although she doesn't say so in so many words. Don't they ever call you a coward?"

"Once they did," said the governor, "but not any more. I have a method." He laid his left hand on the bar. In the palm was a white scar an inch long. On the back was another scar of the same length. "See those two scars?" said the governor. "They elected me mayor of Teocuitatlan."

"I don't get it."

"Permit me," said the governor, "to explain the state of Jalisco. They are crazy people. They spend a year's income for a hat trimmed with silver. They

put dynamite in the fiesta fireworks. They shoot the federal soldiers for the simple pleasure of being shot by them. They drive the mountain roads without using the brakes. All the cars in Jalisco have been wrecked at one time or another. They fight over women, over dice, over nothing at all."

"A tough place for a timid man. What about the scars?"

"I shall tell you. It was fifteen years ago. I was running for mayor. My opponents were lunatics, horsethieves, bandits, gun-fighters. They were always fighting. They are dead now—those candidates—every one. But I was elected mayor for five terms. I discovered how to gain the respect of the people without taking any chances at all."

"How did you do it?"

"Listen. My leading opponent was Pablo Sanchez. I remember how he looked that night in the Cantina Retiro. His hat carried twenty-five pounds of silver. He wore a shirt of jaguar skin. He killed the jaguar himself with a knife, so the shirt was worth a lot of votes. And me—just a little man of brains who knew how to pave the streets and take the typhoid out of the water supply. What was that to the voters? Nothing. The people of Jalisco worship nothing but courage, and that's a god who is very, very apt to destroy his worshipers."

"Except a few lucky ones."

"Yes, a few. But I was afraid I might not be lucky, so I had to use my brains. Pablo Sanchez came and stood beside me at the bar. First he knocked over my glass. Then he snapped his fingers under my nose. Those both are insults. 'Who are you, little man,' he said, 'to want to be mayor? It's a job for a big man like me.' His hand was on his gun."

"Well, my friend, I was frightened. I didn't want to fight. I didn't want to be killed by Pablo Sanchez, who wasn't worth the smallest bug on the smallest cactus in Mexico."

"Listen, my friend Pablo," I said. "You have challenged me to fight. If I refuse to fight, you will call me a coward, and the whole town will despise me. If I do fight, I may be killed, and the town will lose the best mayor it is ever likely to have."

THE whole room stopped talking to listen, and there wasn't a sound except the whisper of men crowding up to the door. This was the crisis of my political career. So I made a speech. I talked to the crowd, not alone to Pablo Sanchez.

"Neighbors," I said to the crowd, "you admire courage. It is a noble virtue. The greatest virtue of all. But often you elect to public office a man who has nothing but courage—no brains, no ability, no knowledge. If I become mayor, you know what I will do, for you know my abilities. If you elect Pablo Sanchez, you know what he will do. Nothing, which is what all the other mayors have done. Teocuitatlan has no paved streets. The water is poison. The police are bandits, and there is no fire department at all."

The governor of Jalisco broke off to finish another glass of tequila.

"Observe, my friend," he said to Philip. "My speech so far was the speech of an ordinary, sensible man. In Jalisco sensible men are considered cowards. But I had a plan. I took from my pocket this knife."

The governor produced a large folding knife with a six-inch blade. He flipped his wrist and the blade swung out and snapped into position.

"This knife has very fine steel," said

the governor. "A sharp knife doesn't hurt very much when it cuts. As I stood at the bar I dipped the blade into a tall glass of new, white tequila. That will kill almost every species of microbe. I was taking no chances.

"Watch, my friends," I said to the crowd. "I am going to prove that I am not a coward, even if I do refuse to fight this *bravo*."

"I put my hand down on the bar, palm up, so that all could see. And I pushed the point of the knife very slowly down into the flesh until it met the wood on the underside. I made the cut parallel to the bones and tendons. It didn't hurt as much as I had expected. I held my hand up over my head and thrust the blade right through up to the handle.

"The crowd cheered. I knew it would. Then Pablo Sanchez gave a roar. He took his own knife and struck it down like mad through his own hand.

"Observe, my friends," I said. "He did it very quickly, so it wouldn't hurt as much. I am quite as brave as Pablo Sanchez, but I will not risk my life for a foolish reason, because I am going to be very valuable to you, my friends, when I become mayor of Teocuitatlan."

"THAT is the way I won the election," said the governor with a bland smile. "I took no risk at all. And as soon as I became mayor I had all the *bravos* put in jail."

Philip was thinking hard.

"Sounds like a swell system, Governor," he said. "I'm not a coward, either. I just don't intend to risk my life. But Sammy—the Señora Ward—has lived in Mexico since she was a child. She's just like your constituents. She expects it."

"You had better follow my plan," said the governor. "I do it before each election. There are many possible devices. Once I thrust my hand into a glass jar, of scorpions. No one else dared do the same. You know our Mexican scorpions—shiny things like little lobsters with their tails turned up instead of down. They stung all over the hand. I was delirious for a week, but I didn't die. The Department of Agriculture in Mexico City had assured me that the poison of scorpions never kills."

"Hmm," said Philip. "I wonder how Sammy'd react to that."

"Another time," continued the governor, "I took a live wire in my bare hand—a wire full of electricity from a hydro plant. They tell me I jumped and danced like a man on the gallows until the current was cut off. But I didn't die. I had my heart tested and I knew exactly how much voltage I could stand. No one dared follow my example, so I won many votes."

"Swell!" cried Philip. "I'll have to figure out some scheme like that."

"Remember," advised the governor, "you must study the psychology of the young lady. You must find something she fears. You must defy that danger without risking your life."

"Say, Governor," asked Philip suddenly, "if you've won the respect of all Jalisco, why do you need these Yaqui guards of yours?"

"An unfortunate fact," said the governor, shaking his head sadly, "and very characteristic of Jalisco. The bigger my reputation for courage, the more sport to try to kill me."

"What a system! You can't win."

"I've won so far, but no insurance company will take my money."

Philip turned away from the bar. "I've had enough to drink for one afternoon," he said. "Let's go out on the porch and cool off. You've given me a lot to think about."

"I shall help you think," said the governor. "The señorita is very attractive. She should be married. Such a waste it is for her to remain single."

"My very words for a year and a half."

They strolled toward the veranda, the Yaquis following close behind. Suddenly the governor stopped.

"You've been drinking, Alcario," he said abruptly to one of the Indians. "I can tell it by the way you walk."

"Only a single glass, master."

"Where did you get it?"

"A waiter found two glasses of American whisky which someone left unfinished on a table. He gave them to us because he doesn't like whisky."

The governor frowned blackly.

"I drink from new bottles only, with the seals unbroken. You must do the same."

"New bottles are very expensive," said the Yaqui.

"Then do not drink at all. Those are my orders."

The governor walked out on the porch. He seemed worried.

"It's probably nothing," he said to Philip, "but I have learned it doesn't pay to take chances. The police of Acapulco are worthless, and the nearest soldiers are in the fort across the bay."

They sat down side by side in the deck chairs. Philip had ceased to wonder at the oddity of his new friend. He seemed the most sensible, the most understanding person in the world.

"Well," said the governor. "Let us think. What is the señorita afraid of? Snakes, perhaps?"

"No, not snakes. She likes snakes."

"Too bad," said the governor. "I have gained the admiration of several ladies by means of snakes. What is she afraid of?"

"She doesn't like shooting. She lived in Mexico City during the revolution. She was only a child then, but she never forgot it."

"Something to start with. You must carry a gun, even if you never use it. A large, black gun."

"I can shoot pretty well," said Philip. "I used to belong to a pistol club in Baltimore."

"Magnificent. Let us think."

They both pondered in silence, looking out over the bay. In front of the hotel was a narrow gravel drive. Then came a strip of coconut palms; then the white beach; then the blue water. Then finally a quarter of a mile away was the old Spanish fort, a massive star of stone on a rocky headland with the flag of Mexico snapping brightly on the sea breeze.

WHILE they thought, Sammy came out the door and took a chair some fifty feet away. She was glancing at Philip, apparently torn between resentment and remorse. Sammy was always that way. She possessed no halfway emotions. When one emotion was about to be replaced by another, the two would alternate in fits and flashes instead of blending together. Philip did not look at her, though he'd seen her out of the corner of his eye and knew she was there. Presently he knew Aunt Martha was there, too, for he heard a steady rattle of talk—hard sense, no doubt, and a stiff dose at that. He heard his own name.

I wish she'd shut up, thought Philip. Sammy'll never come around with that old dragon singing my praises.

He stole a surreptitious glance at Sammy. She was looking his way, but before he had time to determine her mood, he heard a curious low moan behind him. He sprang to his feet. The nearest Yaqui guard was swaying weakly, opening and shutting his eyes.

"Master," he cried in a faint, weak voice. "Master—" Then, without another word he sank to the floor and lay motionless, stretched out with his eyes closed.

The governor of Jalisco was on his feet in a flash. He wasted hardly a

(Continued on page 44)

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Also famous for Athlete's Foot, Absorbine Jr. is the friend of millions, recommended by many doctors and nurses for more than forty years. Your druggist has Absorbine Jr., \$1.25 a bottle and thrifty because a little goes such a long way. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman St., Springfield, Massachusetts.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

(Continued from page 43)

glance at the fallen Yaqui, but turned to the other guard, who was passing his hand across his eyes, his dark face a study of helpless dismay.

"Alcario," cried the governor. "You've been drugged! Stay awake. They're going to try to kill me."

Slowly, very slowly, the Yaqui drew his gun.

"I'm faithful, master," he mumbled indistinctly. "I'll stay awake. Trust me, master."

Then his knees flexed and he bumped down on the floor. With a painful effort he struggled to his feet again, waving his gun wildly. His white teeth gleamed, his lips contorted. Just as his eyes closed, he fired two quick shots out over the sea, a reflex action like the snapping of a turtle's jaws after its head is severed from its body. Then the second Yaqui lay still beside his companion.

"Well, my friend," said the governor of Jalisco, "you'd better take the ladies into the hotel."

Philip looked toward Sammy and her aunt. The shots had brought them to their feet. They were standing huddled together, faces white, eyes staring. The hotel clerk ran through the door.

"Go call the commandant," the governor told him. "I want soldiers and a doctor."

The clerk dashed back. Philip stood irresolute. All his experience, all his training told him not to mix in this mess. It was Mexican politics—deadly poison to a gringo. The governor had taken out his gun and was calmly preparing to sell his life as dearly as possible.

"Get out of the way, my friend," he said. "This is rather serious."

BUT a little, strange pulse was beating in Philip's brain. His cheeks were burning as if he'd been in the sun all day. Unaccustomed emotions were striking through him like flashes of lightning.

"Lord," he thought desperately, "I've been in Mexico too long."

That was his last normal thought. Suddenly he became very calm.

"Sammy," he shouted. "Go to your room. There's going to be trouble."

It was Aunt Martha who responded. She ran across the porch, shedding her hat, her knitting and a ball of wool on the way.

"Philip," she screamed, "don't you dare leave us. Don't you dare. I'll tell my brother. He'll never let you see Sammy again."

Philip paid no attention except to beat her off, as a dog repulses an angry hen. He stooped down and took a gun from each of the fallen Yaquis.

"Philip!" screamed Aunt Martha again. "Don't get mixed up in this. It's none of your business. Don't leave us."

Philip stood up, his eyes determined. "Take Sammy to her room," he commanded, "and stay there." He gave her a rude push toward the door. "Go on, Sammy," he called. "Get along."

Just then the hotel clerk burst out of the door.

"I got the commandant," he cried. "He's coming. But there are three armed men in the kitchen. I saw them from the telephone."

"Go to the other end of the porch," cried Philip. "Take the women with you."

While he was speaking, he looked around for a possible vantage point. The tile floor of the porch was practically level with the ground. The central portion was without a railing, but around the ends were three-foot stucco walls which served as protection when the sea breeze blew too hard.

"Over there, Governor!" shouted Philip.

The governor had already chosen the same place—the best place to make a stand. He was dragging a pile of folded

deck chairs toward the angle between the building and the low wall. Philip took another pile. Together they made a low rampart six feet long.

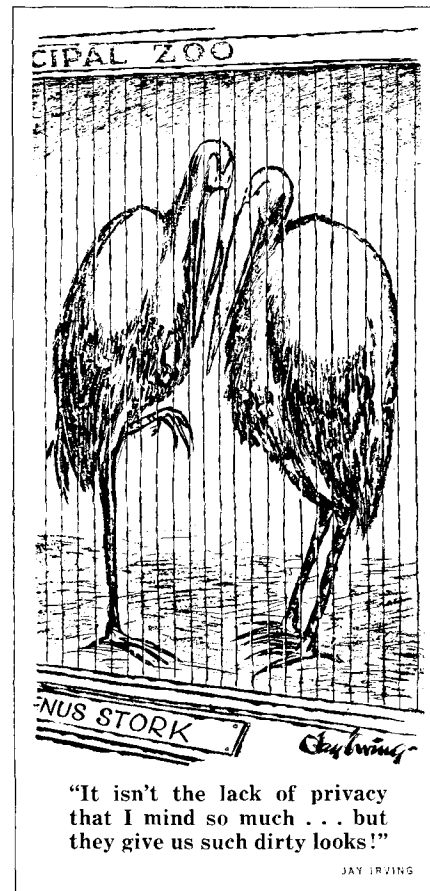
Then came a flying moment of perfect silence, uneasy silence. Sammy and Aunt Martha were huddled together at the far end of the veranda. In the middle lay the two Indians, stretched out on their backs in drugged unconsciousness. Philip crouched with the governor behind the barricade, their backs to the hotel wall.

The silence didn't last for long. Philip heard cries from within the building and a couple of muffled shots. Then more cries from outside, and four men in wide straw hats came tearing along the gravel driveway, waving revolvers and shouting a wordless battle cry at the tops of their lungs.

"Don't shoot," said the governor quietly. "Wait until they try to come on the porch."

But the four assassins disappeared suddenly. They must have sized up the situation at a glance, for they had dropped down on the other side of the low wall.

"Governor," whispered Philip, "I



know what they're going to do. They're waiting for the other three to come out of the door. They'll be right between us and the women. We won't dare shoot."

"That's it," said the governor. "Very bad."

"But listen. I'll crawl along inside the wall to the end opposite the door. I can shoot from there. You watch for heads above the wall."

THE governor agreed with a nod. Philip stuck one of his guns in his belt and crawled slowly along inside the wall. He could hear the assassins whispering and stirring through the thick stucco only a few feet away. He could see Sammy clinging to her aunt at the other end of the porch. He tried to tell them by signs to climb over the far wall and get out of the line of fire, but they were too terrified to understand. He kept watching the door of the hotel, listening for footsteps.

Then spoke the governor's gun—like a thunderclap only a few yards away. The bullet fanned Philip's neck and struck something hard above the wall

with a loud, separate crack. A body thudded down, he knew that a man was dead. He didn't even shudder. His whole soul was aflame with excitement. He kept his eye on the door.

At last he heard it—running steps along the corridor. The latch clicked. The door swung open. Philip saw three white shapes in the doorway. He fired as fast as he could. Yellow flashes bloomed in the doorway. A hot, bright stab of pain struck through his upper arm. The governor was firing, too. Many shots. Men shouted, screamed, and before Philip's eyes a red, bright mist was dancing like a shredded, tattered veil of luminous silk.

Then the door slammed shut, and a sudden, incredible silence fell. It was all over.

"How many'd you get?" cried the governor. "I got two."

HE STOOD up and fired one leisurely shot at a couple of white figures running through the palms toward the beach. Philip kept his eye on the door, but it didn't open again. Then he heard a clamor of auto horns from the direction of the town, and a siren let loose, screaming its wild warning from the roof of the telegraph office.

"We're all right, my good friend," said the governor triumphantly. "The soldiers are coming. Are you hurt?"

"Yes, but not badly."

Then Sammy's arms were around his neck. She was sobbing hysterically and he could feel her tears against his cheek. His arm was like an aching tooth, but he didn't care.

"Philip," she sobbed, "you mustn't do anything like this again. You mustn't. Promise."

He said nothing. He was very happy, still a little bewildered and wondering at himself. In a few minutes the porch was swarming with dark-faced soldiers. More were scattering toward the jungle after the surviving assassins. A doctor was dressing his arm. Sammy tried to help, looking through her tears with frightened, relieved, worshiping eyes.

When the bandage was finally in place, the governor drew Philip aside.

"I owe my life to you, my friend," he said very seriously, "and I shall never forget it." Then he smiled mischievously. "But I must criticize you also. You didn't follow my advice. You risked your own life. I do not approve of that."

"I guess I'm just dumb," said Philip with a shaken laugh. "I'll try to do better next time."

The governor retired discreetly just as Aunt Martha bustled up.

"You're a fool, Philip Thayer," she declared. "I didn't think it of you. You might have got yourself killed, and us, too."

Philip ignored her completely and went back to Sammy, who took him in her arms—naturally, unhesitatingly, as if he had long been hers.

"Oh, Phil, I was so scared. Promise you'll never do it again. Promise you'll never touch a gun."

Philip was about to promise—to swear that never, never in his whole life—but before he had time to speak, the governor caught his eye. He winked once, a marvelous wink which carried a world of meaning. Philip checked himself with an inward smile.

"No, Sammy," he said gently. "I can't promise that. Sometimes a man is forced to do a risky thing, when he has a good reason. The governor's my friend. I had to help him."

"I suppose so," agreed Sammy reluctantly. "But please be careful. The governor ought to be grateful. Is he?"

"Very grateful. He asked us to visit him in Jalisco—after we're married."

"You're a pair of fools," declared Aunt Martha from the middle distance.

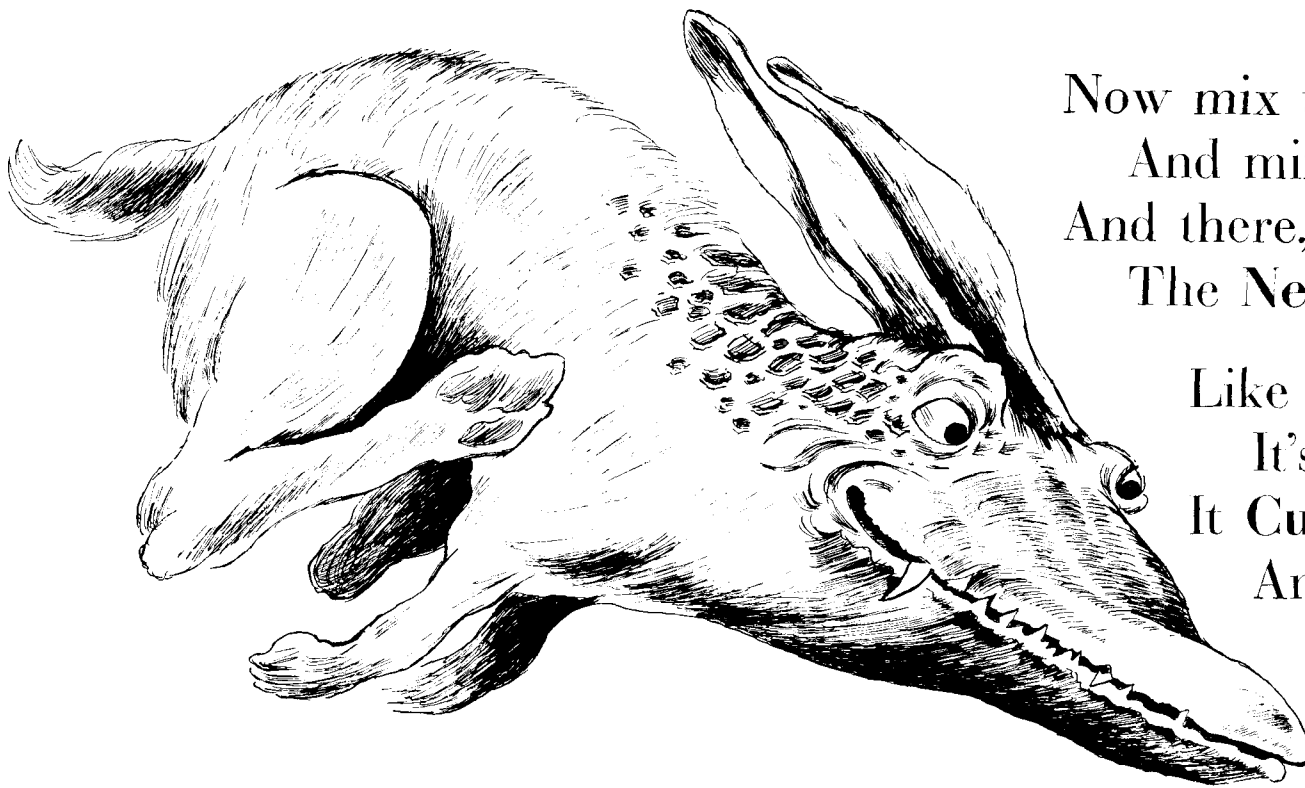
Sammy said nothing at all.



G is for 'Gator—
His manners are rough
Do not disturb him
He's apt to get Tough!



R is for Rabbit—he's shy, but he's Fast
Don't try to catch him—you'll sure come in last!



Now mix them both up
And mix them up well
And there, sir, you have
The New Golden Shell!

Like two oils in one
It's Tough and it's Fast
It Cuts Starting Wear
And how it does last!

Starting causes More Engine Wear than all the running...
New Golden Shell Motor Oil is Fast-Flowing to reduce this wear,
Tough so it stands the heat of steady driving

Golden Shell
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The family might receive as much as \$35,000—and in no event less than \$10,000—and then . . .

After the first twenty years, premiums would be reduced and then in event of death, the policy still would pay \$10,000. If the insured lives until Retirement Age, he then can receive a Monthly Income for life.

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Lonely Heart

Continued from page 9

as much sleep as he requires, because the Widow Crumb is a great hand for staying up late reading books in their bedroom by kerosene lamp, and at the same time eating molasses candy which she personally manufactures, and sometimes she does both in bed, and the molasses candy bothers Nicely-Nicely no little until he becomes accustomed to it.

Once he tries reading one of her books to put himself to sleep after she dozes off ahead of him, but he discovers that it is all about nothing but spiritualism, and about parties in this life getting in touch with characters in the next world, and Nicely-Nicely has no interest whatever in matters of this nature, although he personally knows a character by the name of Spooks McGurk who claims to be a spiritualist, and who makes a nice thing of it in connection with tips on the races, until a race-track fuzz catches up with him.

Nicely-Nicely never discusses the books with the Widow Crumb, because in the first place he figures it is none of his business, and in the second place, the more she reads the better chance he has of getting to sleep before she starts snoring, because it seems that as a snorer the Widow Crumb is really All-America material, although of course Nicely-Nicely is too much of a gentleman to make an issue of this.

SHE gives him three meals every day, and every meal is better than the last, and finally Nicely-Nicely is as fat as a goose, and can scarcely wobble. But he notices that the Widow Crumb never once fails to set the fourth place that nobody ever fills, and furthermore he suddenly commences to notice that she always puts the best cuts of meat, and the best of everything else on the plate at this place, even though she throws it all away afterward.

Well, this situation preys on Nicely-Nicely's mind, as he cannot bear to see all this good fodder going to waste, so one morning he gets hold of old Harley and puts the siphon on him, because by this time Harley talks freely with Nicely-Nicely, although Nicely-Nicely can see that Harley is somewhat simple in spots and his conversation seldom makes much sense.

Anyway, he asks Harley what the Widow Crumb's idea is about the extra

place at the table, and Harley says like this: "Why," he says, "the place is for Jake."

"Jake who?" Nicely-Nicely says.

"I do not recall his other name," Harley says. "He is her third or fourth husband, I do not remember which. Jake is the only one the Widow Crumb ever loves, although she does not discover this until after Jake departs. So," Harley says, "in memory of Jake she always sets his place at the table, and gives him the best she has. She misses Jake and wishes to feel that he is still with her."

"What happens to Jake?" Nicely-Nicely says.

"Arsenic," Harley says. "Jake departs ten years ago."

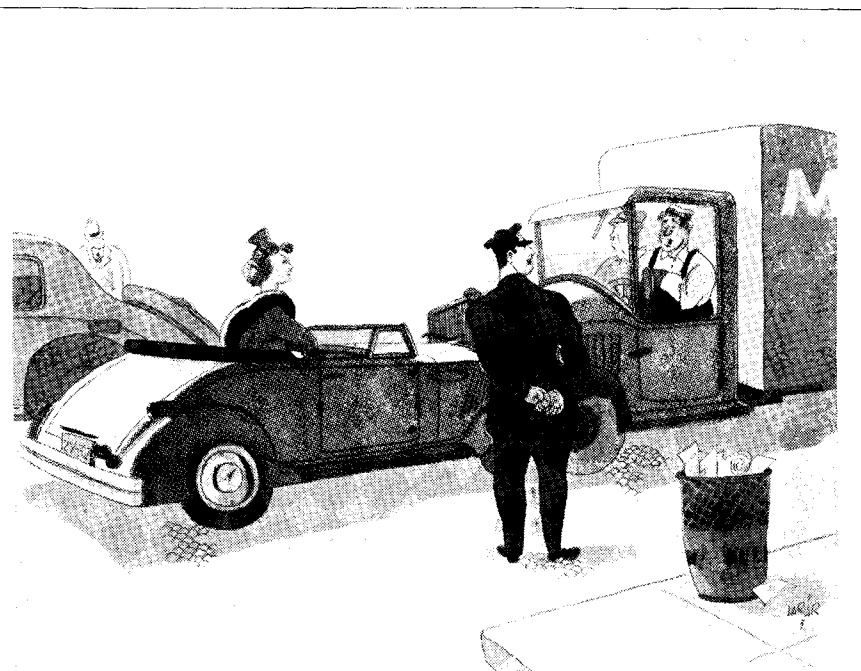
Well, of course all this is news to Nicely-Nicely, and he becomes very thoughtful to be sure, because in all the time he is married to her the Widow Crumb does not crack to him about her other husbands, and in fact Nicely-Nicely has no idea there is ever more than one.

"What happens to the others?" he says. "Do they depart the same as Jake?"

"Yes," Harley says, "they all depart. One by one. I remember No. 2 well. In fact, you remind me of him. Carbon monoxide," Harley says. "A charcoal stove in his room. It is most ingenious. The coroner says No. 3 commits suicide by hanging himself with a rope in the barn loft. No. 3 is small and weak, and it is no trouble whatever to handle him."

"Then comes Jake," Harley says, "unless Jake is No. 3 and the hanging item is No. 4. I do not remember exactly. But the Widow Crumb never employs arsenic or other matters of this nature again. It is too slow. Jake lingers for hours. Besides," Harley says, "she realizes it may leave traces if anybody happens to get nosy."

"Jake is a fine-looking character," Harley says. "But a ne'er-do-well. He is a plumber from Salt Lake City, Utah, and has a hearty laugh. He is always telling funny stories. He is a great eater, even better than you, and he loves beans the way the Widow Crumb cooks them, with bacon and tomatoes. He suffers no little from the arsenic. He gets it in his beans. No. 5 comes upon a black widow spider in his bed. He is no good. I mean No. 5."



"I won't budge, Officer, until she apologizes for all those nasty names she called me!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

Well, by this time, Nicely-Nicely is very thoughtful to be sure, because what Harley says is commencing to sound somewhat disquieting.

"No. 6 steps on a plank in the doorway of the house that drops a 200-pound keystone on his head," Harley says. "The Widow Crumb personally figures this out herself. She is very bright. It is like a figure-4 trap, and has to be very accurate. An inch one way or the other, and the stone misses No. 6. I remember he has a big wen on the back of his neck. He is a carpenter from Keokuk, Iowa," Harley says.

"Why," Nicely-Nicely says, "do you mean to say that the Widow Crumb purposely arranges to use up husbands in the manner you describe?"

"Oh, sure," Harley says. "Why do you suppose she marries them? It is a good living to her because of the insurance," he says, "although," he says, "to show you how bright she is, she does not insure No. 5 for a dime, so people can never say she is making a business of the matter. He is a total loss to her, but it quiets talk. I am wondering," Harley says, "what she will think up for you."

WELL, Nicely-Nicely now commences to wonder about this, too, and he hopes and trusts that whatever she thinks up it will not be a black widow spider, because if there is one thing Nicely-Nicely despises, it is insects. Furthermore, he does not approve of hanging, or of dropping weights on people.

After giving the matter much thought, he steps into the house and mentions to the Widow Crumb that he will like to pay a little visit to town, figuring that if he can get to town, she will never see him again for heel dust.

But he finds that the Widow Crumb is by no means in favor of the idea of him visiting the town. In fact, she says it will bring great sorrow to her if he absents himself from her side more than two minutes, and moreover, she points out that it is coming on winter, and that the roads are bad, and she cannot spare the horse for such a trip just now.

Well, Nicely-Nicely says he is a fair sort of walker and, in fact, he mentions that he once walks from Saratoga Springs to Albany to avoid a bookmaker who claims there is a slight difference between them, but the Widow Crumb says she will not hear of him trying to walk to town because it may develop varicose veins in his legs.

In fact, Nicely-Nicely can see that the subject of his leaving the farm is very distasteful to her in every respect, and the chances are he will feel quite flattered by her concern for him if he does not happen to go into the house again a little later this same afternoon, and find her cleaning a double-barreled shotgun.

She says she is thinking of going rabbit hunting, and wishes him to keep her company, saying it may take his mind off the idea of a visit to town; but she goes out of the room for a minute, and Nicely-Nicely picks up one of the shotgun shells she lays out on a table, and notices that it is loaded with buckshot.

So he tells her he guesses he will not go, as he is not feeling so good, and in fact he is not feeling so good, at that, because it seems that Nicely-Nicely is a rabbit hunter from infancy, and he never before hears of anyone hunting these creatures with buckshot. Then the Widow Crumb says all right, she will postpone her hunting until he feels better, but Nicely-Nicely cannot help noticing that she loads the shotgun and stands it in a corner where it is good and handy.

Well, Nicely-Nicely now sits down and gives this general situation some serious consideration, because he is now convinced that the Widow Crumb is unworthy of his companionship as a husband. In fact, Nicely-Nicely makes up his mind to take steps at his earliest

convenience to sue her for divorce on the grounds of incompatibility, but in the meantime he has to think up a means of getting away from her, and while he is thinking of this phase of the problem, she calls him to supper.

It is now coming on dark, and she has the lamps lit and the table set when Nicely-Nicely goes into the dining room, and a fire is going in the base burner, and usually this is a pleasant and comforting scene to Nicely-Nicely, but tonight he does not seem to find it as attractive as usual.

As he sits down at the table he notices that Harley is not present at the moment, though his place at the table is laid, and as a rule Harley is Johnny-at-the-rat-hole when it comes time to scoff, and moreover he is a pretty good doer, at that. The fourth place that nobody ever occupies is also laid as usual, and now that he knows who this place is for, Nicely-Nicely notes that it is more neatly laid than his own, and that none of the China at this place is chipped, and that the bread and butter, and the salt and pepper, and the vinegar cruet and the bottle of Worcestershire sauce are handier to it than to any other place, and naturally his feelings are deeply wounded.

Then the Widow Crumb comes out of the kitchen with two plates loaded with spareribs and sauerkraut, and she puts one plate in front of Nicely-Nicely, and the other at Jake's place, and she says to Nicely-Nicely like this:

"Nicely," she says, "Harley is working late down at the barn, and when you get through with your supper, you go down and call him. But," she says, "go ahead and eat first."

Then she returns to the kitchen, which is right next to the dining room with a swinging door in between, and Nicely-Nicely now observes that the very choicest spareribs are on Jake's plate, and also the most kraut, and this is really more than Nicely-Nicely can bear, for if there is one thing he adores it is spareribs, so he gets to feeling very moody to be sure about this discrimination, and he turns to Jake's place, and in a very sarcastic tone of voice he speaks out loud as follows:

"Well," he says, "it is pretty soft for you, you big lob, living on the fat of the land around here."

NOW, of course what Nicely-Nicely is speaking is what he is thinking, and he does not realize that he is speaking out loud until the Widow Crumb pops into the dining room carrying a bowl of salad, and looking all around and about.

"Nicely," she says, "do I hear you talking to someone?"

Well, at first Nicely-Nicely is about to deny it, but then he takes another look at the choice spareribs on Jake's plate, and he figures that he may as well let her know that he is on to her playing Jake for a favorite over him, and maybe cure her of it, for by this time Nicely-Nicely is so vexed about the spareribs that he almost forgets about leaving the farm, and is thinking of his future meals, so he says to the Widow Crumb like this:

"Why, sure," he says. "I am talking to Jake."

"Jake?" she says. "What Jake?"

And with this she starts looking all around and about again, and Nicely-Nicely can see that she is very pale, and that her hands are shaking so that she can scarcely hold the bowl of salad, and there is no doubt but what she is agitated no little, and quite some.

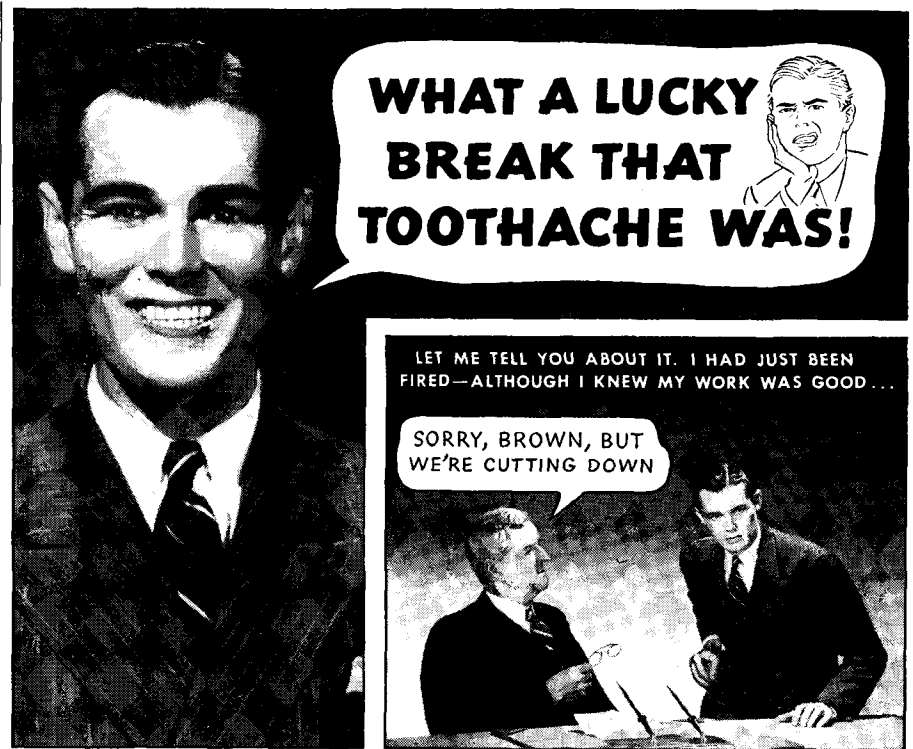
"What Jake?" the Widow Crumb says again.

Nicely-Nicely points to the empty chair, and says:

"Why, Jake here," he says. "You know Jake. Nice fellow, Jake."

Then Nicely-Nicely goes on talking to the empty chair as follows:

(Continued on page 48)

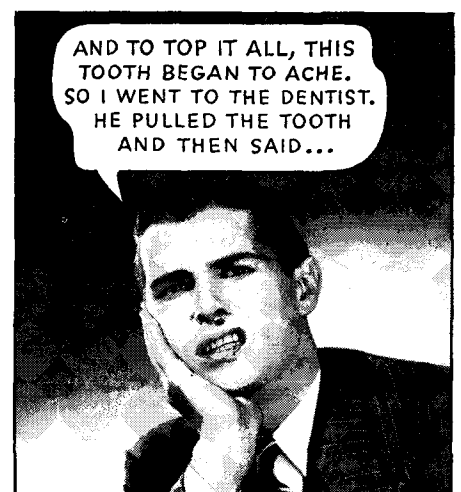


LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT. I HAD JUST BEEN FIRED—ALTHOUGH I KNEW MY WORK WAS GOOD...

SORRY, BROWN, BUT WE'RE CUTTING DOWN



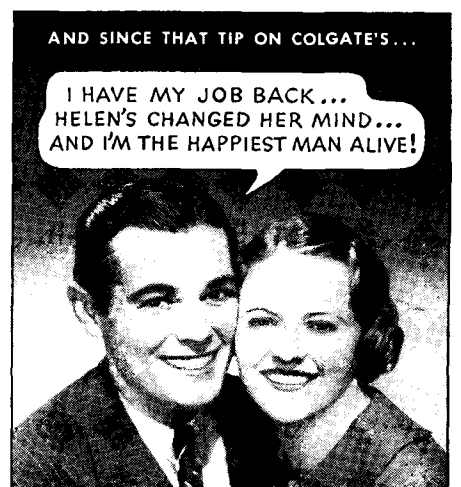
YES, PHIL, I LOVE YOU, BUT I WON'T MARRY YOU



AND TO TOP IT ALL, THIS TOOTH BEGAN TO ACHE. SO I WENT TO THE DENTIST. HE PULLED THE TOOTH AND THEN SAID...



BROWN, DO YOU KNOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH? THAT'S WHY I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS



AND SINCE THAT TIP ON COLGATE'S...

I HAVE MY JOB BACK... HELEN'S CHANGED HER MIND... AND I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN ALIVE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

TESTS show that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! Tests also prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth*!

Ordinary cleaning methods, which merely polish the exposed surfaces, fail to remove decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between the teeth. And these deposits, tests prove, are the source of most bad breath... dull, dingy teeth... and much tooth decay.

But Colgate Dental Cream has a special

penetrating foam which gets into every tiny crevice—emulsifies and washes away odor-breeding food and acid deposits.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently, yet thoroughly, cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!



MAKES TEETH CLEANER AND BRIGHTER, TOO!

"MOTHER — I DON'T FEEL WELL TONIGHT"



● Often when children are upset the trouble is simply due to constipation. But don't use harsh, bad-tasting medicine to correct this condition. There's a newer, better way—the FEEN-A-MINT way. FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative in delicious chewing gum. It tastes so good you don't have to coax children to take it.



● Just let your child chew a piece of delicious mint-flavored FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes or more.

Science has proved that this chewing actually helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough and reliable. Take at night. Next morning—your worries relieved and your youngster herself again—happy—once more romping and full of fun.



● Bubbling over with health! Keep your child, and the whole family too, free from the ills of constipation by seeing that FEEN-A-MINT is in the home at all times. With FEEN-A-MINT there's no griping—no nausea—no medicine taste—no disturbance of sleep. Preferred today by more than 16 million people.



**Family-sized boxes
only
15c & 25c**

Slightly higher in Canada

(Continued from page 47)

"I notice you are not eating much to-night, Jake," Nicely-Nicely says. "What is the matter, Jake? The food cannot disagree with you, because it is all picked out and cooked to suit you, Jake. The best is none too good for you around here, Jake," he says.

Then he lets on that he is listening to something Jake is saying in reply, and Nicely-Nicely says is that so, and I am surprised, and what do you think of that, and tut-tut, and my-my, just as if Jake is talking a blue streak to him, although, of course, Jake is by no means present.

Now Nicely-Nicely is really only being sarcastic in this conversation for the Widow Crumb's benefit, and naturally he does not figure that she will take it seriously, because he knows she can see Jake is not there, but Nicely-Nicely happens to look at her while he is talking, and he observes that she is still standing with the bowl of salad in her hands, and looking at the empty chair with a most unusual expression on her face, and in fact, it is such an unusual expression that it makes Nicely-Nicely feel somewhat uneasy, and he readies himself up to dodge the salad bowl at any minute.

He commences to remember the loaded shotgun in the corner, and what Harley gives him to understand about the Widow Crumb's attitude toward Jake, and Nicely-Nicely is sorry he ever brings Jake's name up, but it seems that Nicely-Nicely now finds that he cannot stop talking to save his life with the Widow Crumb standing there with the unusual expression on her face, and then he remembers the books she reads in bed at night, and he goes on as follows:

"Maybe the pains in your stomach are just indigestion, Jake," he says. "I have stomach trouble in my youth myself. You are suffering terribly, eh, Jake? Well, maybe a little of the old bicarb will help you, Jake. Oh," Nicely-Nicely says, "there he goes."

AND with this he jumps up and runs to Jake's chair and lets on that he is helping a character up from the floor, and as he stoops over and pretends to be lifting this character, Nicely-Nicely grunts no little, as if the character is very heavy, and the grunts are really on the level with Nicely-Nicely as he is now full of spareribs, because he never really stops eating while he is talking, and stooping is not easy for him.

At these actions the Widow Crumb lets out a scream and drops the bowl of salad on the floor.

"I will help you to bed, Jake," he says. "Poor Jake. I know your stomach hurts, Jake. There now, Jake," he says, "take it easy. I know you are suffering horribly, but I will get something for you to ease the pain. Maybe it is the sauerkraut," Nicely-Nicely says.

Then when he seems to get Jake up on his legs, Nicely-Nicely pretends to be assisting him across the floor toward the bedroom and all the time he is talking in a comforting tone to Jake, although you must always remember that there really is no Jake.

Now, all of a sudden, Nicely-Nicely hears the Widow Crumb's voice, and it is nothing but a hoarse whisper that sounds very strange in the room, as she says like this:

"Yes," she says. "It is Jake. I see him. I see him as plain as day."

Well, at this Nicely-Nicely is personally somewhat startled, and he starts looking around and about himself, and it is a good thing for Jake that Nicely-Nicely is not really assisting Jake or Jake will find himself dropped on the floor, as the Widow Crumb says:

"Oh, Jake," she says, "I am so sorry. I am sorry for you in your suffering. I am sorry you ever leave me. I am sorry for everything. Please forgive me, Jake," she says. "I love you."

Then the Widow Crumb screams again and runs through the swinging door into the kitchen and out the kitchen door and down the path that leads to the barn about 200 yards away, and it is plain to be seen that she is very nervous. In fact, the last Nicely-Nicely sees of her before she disappears in the darkness down the path, she is throwing her hands up in the air, and letting out little screams, as follows: eee-eee-eee, and calling out old Harley's name.

Then Nicely-Nicely hears one extra loud scream, and after this there is much silence, and he figures that now is the time for him to take his departure, and he starts down the same path toward the barn, but figuring to cut off across the fields to the road that leads to the town when he observes a spark of light bobbing up and down on the path ahead of him, and presently he comes upon old Harley with a lantern in his hand.

Harley is down on his knees at what seems to be a big, round hole in the ground, and this hole is so wide it extends clear across the path, and Harley is poking his lantern down the hole, and when he sees Nicely-Nicely, he says:

"Oh," he says. "There you are. I guess there is some mistake here," he says. "The Widow Crumb tells me to wait in the barn until after supper and she will send you out after me, and," Harley says, "she also tells me to be sure and remove the cover of this old well as soon as it comes on dark. And," Harley says, "of course, I am expecting to find you in the well at this time, but who is in there but the Widow Crumb. I hear her screech as she drops in. I judge she must be hastening along the path and forgets about telling me to remove the cover of the well," Harley says. "It is most confusing," he says.

Then he pokes his lantern down the well again, and leans over and shouts as follows:

"Hello, down there," Harley shouts. "Hello, hello, hello."

But all that happens is an echo comes out of the well like this: Hello. And Nicely-Nicely observes that there is nothing to be seen down the well but a great blackness.

"It is very deep, and dark, and cold down there," Harley says. "Deep, and dark, and cold and half full of water. Oh, my poor baby," he says.

Then Harley busts out crying as if his heart will break, and in fact he is so shaken by his sobs that he almost drops the lantern down the well.

Naturally Nicely-Nicely is somewhat surprised to observe these tears because personally he is by no means greatly distressed by the Widow Crumb being down the well, especially when he thinks of how she tries to put him down the well first, and finally he asks Harley why he is so downcast, and Harley speaks as follows:

"I love her," Harley says. "I love her very, very, very much. I am her No. 1 husband, and while she divorces me thirty years ago when it comes out that I have a weak heart, and the insurance companies refuse to give me a policy, I love her just the same. And now," Harley says, "here she is down a well."

And with this he begins hollering into the hole some more, but the Widow Crumb never personally answers a human voice in this life again and when the story comes out, many citizens claim this is a right good thing, to be sure.

SO NICELY-NICELY returns to Broadway, and he brings with him the sum of eleven hundred dollars, which is what he has left of the estate of his late ever-loving wife from the sale of the farm, and one thing and another, after generously declaring old Harley in for fifty per cent of his bit when Harley states that the only ambition he has left in life is to rear a tombstone to the memory of the Widow Crumb, and Nicely-Nicely announces that he is through with betting on horses, and other frivolity, and will devote his money to providing himself with food and shelter, and maybe a few clothes.

Well, the chances are Nicely-Nicely will keep this vow, too, but what happens the second day of his return, but he observes in the entries for the third race at Jamaica a horse by the name of Apparition, at 10-to-1 in the morning line, and Nicely-Nicely considers this entry practically a message to him, so he goes for his entire bundle on Apparition.

And it is agreed by one and all along Broadway who knows Nicely-Nicely's story, that nobody in his right mind can possibly ignore such a powerful hunch as this, even though it loses, and Nicely-Nicely is again around doing the best he can.



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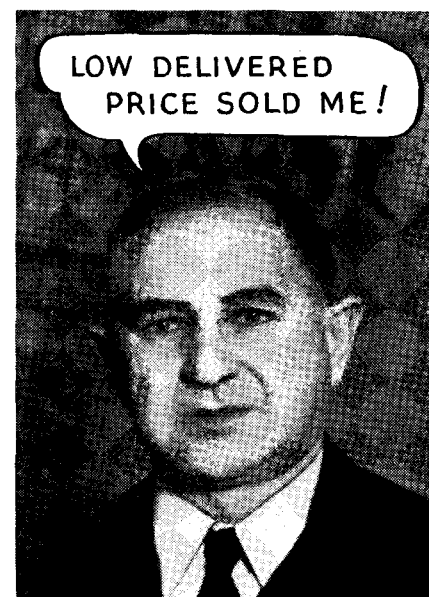
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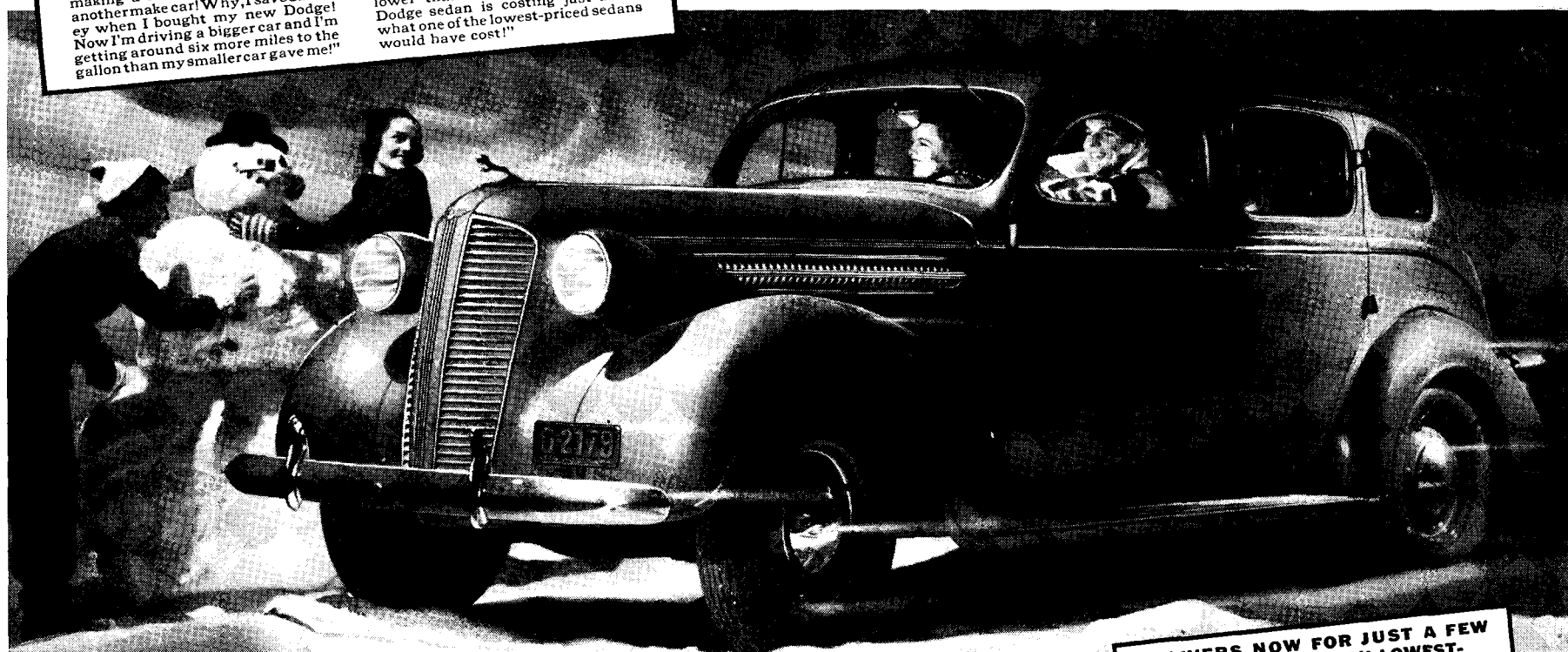
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Key Monkey

Continued from page 24

The harsh spark came on again. "Fine," Peter Droban sent. "Fine biz. But hurry. Forty men. Open raft. Very heavy southeast swells. I am—"

The hoarse spark spiraled downward sickeningly in an expiring note. The lantern-jawed operator winced as if from a physical blow, and twitched his lips. There was the Mariposa, calling again—calling—and listening. The air was dead. Except for the explosive crackle of static angered by the typhoon's track. The meaning of that sudden silence, too, was plain. But the man behind the Mariposa's key came on the air again with his clear, whistling, modern tube.

"KQQZ," he called very slowly and deliberately to a man who could no longer hear. "Best 73's."

IT IS a key monkey's way of wishing a fellow good luck and farewell. There was no reply. They expected none, those many men who listened. But they started their generators, dozens of them, and for a moment the air was filled with nothing more than the quick double dots they sent as they tapped their keys to show they understood. And after a time, slowly, the calls of commerce wandered in again, and the air was once more filled with a confused and meaningless jumble of sound. But they weren't listening, those of them who knew the thing mild old Peter Droban did.

On the open raft, a hundred fathoms off from where the Benares floundered into her final dive, they too knew. Jimmy Gordon, swaying upright and dripping, thought he caught a final glimpse of him through the splintered wreck of the radio-room bulkhead. He thought he saw Peter Droban for a moment across that open space of green-blue water, caught in a deep dull sunset glow, with that light on his serenely untroubled and wrinkled face. He sat calmly at the operating desk, smiling quietly as he worked a key again after all those years. He looked happy, as

though he thought it very fine. Well, he did.

The storm scud cleared. Night crept stealthily up over the eastern board as the Benares disappeared in a loud swirling suck of the heaving sea. The mate was getting some flares handy against the time they would be needed—when the succor Peter Droban called should show its dim light low against the night sky. But Jimmy Gordon kept staring with fixed intensity across a darkly running ocean.

"That shows you," he muttered hoarsely. "That shows you how much them medics know. There wasn't nothing the matter with his heart."

The second mate, sitting humped up beside him, raised his head. He was growling something in a deep bass voice to the black shapes huddled on the open raft. Jimmy Gordon caught some words:

*"It may be he shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom he knew..."*

"Hey?" the wireless man said. "What did you say, Joe?"

Joe didn't explain. But Captain Lorimer looked sharply at his second officer. Funny that young fellow should know that, too. You would never have thought it. Sailors take you by surprise that way. Ulysses. That same Ulysses Peter Droban quoted, so very long ago alongside a Kowloon dock. But the master said nothing. And Jimmy Gordon sighed.

"God!" he muttered. "Now he'll never get to Celebes."

No. He never would. But it didn't matter. Not a bit. A fellow had to go sometime, and he might as well go shining. That's what Peter Droban thought. That's what he wanted. One last adventure. And when it came his way, he seized it securely and he never let it go. He was fortunate. He went the way he wanted to. He had the courage for it. Few men have.



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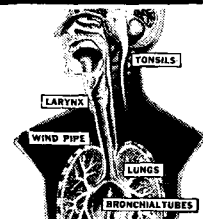
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Deep West

Continued from page 21

speaking, and then had ridden down the left fork, unmindful of that voice. From the very beginning it had been this way, he believing there was a time when he could turn back, cover his tracks, and take the honest road. This, he realized, was his last chance. He must turn back now, or else be forever lost.

In that frame of mind he threaded Granite Canyon, came about the Running M and stood off in the shadows to send his whistle toward the house. He waited like that, on guard against any of Cash's men riding out to spot him, and finally seeing Cash's flat and angular shape march from the house.

Gore stopped twenty yards away, suspicious as always. "All right," murmured Rand. "All right, Cash." Gore advanced then.

"I met Benbow up at Cherokee," said Rand. "Indian Riley had him cornered."

"So," said Gore.

"No," answered Rand. "It didn't happen, Cash."

"Why?"

"I stopped it. I bluffed Riley out."

Gore's thin jaws ground gently on a cud of tobacco. Some husky sound crept up his throat. He shifted his weight, staring at Rand. "Where's your bread buttered, Clay? Don't you know yet?"

"Never mind. Nothing happens to Benbow while I'm around."

"You're smart, Clay. Smart enough to know how far this goes. You been foolin' yourself. You're no use to me if you string with Benbow."

"It's time for me to quit."

"I guess it is."

"All right."

"No," said Gore in his expressionless way. "The time for you to quit was a long while back."

"You're stopping me?" asked Rand, his voice becoming harsh.

Gore lifted one hand slowly, rubbing it across his mustache. "Me? No, Clay, I never hold a man that's restless to go. You stopped yourself when you started workin' on Big Jack Dale's beef."

"I'll do my own judgin'."

"Sure. And you'll be a hard judge, kid, with what's on your mind."

"Never mind," snarled Rand. "I'm telling you to count me out."

He backed to his horse, never letting his glance drop from that thin shape before him. He swung into the saddle and cut a wide circle away from Cash Gore. He was fifty feet away when he heard Gore speak in an ironic and amused tone: "Maybe."

Rand called back: "What are you afraid of?"

"Me? Not a thing. You're the boy that's got something to be afraid of." And then Rand, running northward toward his own ranch two miles ahead, heard Cash Gore's laughter.

RAND was gone and Gore had returned to the house when a thin little shape reared up from the near-by pile of rocks and stood half bent and very still. Running M's house door slammed shut. The little figure wavered gently in this darkness, breathing quick and soft, and then trotted past the rocks and up the Rampart slope to where his horse stood. He said: "I got to get out of here," but when he pulled himself to the saddle he rested there.

Five minutes later, having made a roundabout circle to kill time, he came into Running M's yard and was stopped by a man's sudden challenge: "Who's that?"

"I want to see the boss," said the Traveling Kid.

"Gawn, get out," said the man.

"I want to see the boss," insisted the kid.

Running M's door opened, letting Cash Gore through. Gore said: "Who's that, Ben?"

"You got a job?" called the Traveling Kid, and rode directly to the porch steps. Gore saw him and recognized him then, and let his narrowing glance have its long effect. "Where'd you come from?"

"Through the hills. Et with an outfit up on top."

"What outfit?"

"Said they was Hat men."

The fellow in the yard stepped rapidly forward, but Gore said: "That's all right, Ben. Why pick on this outfit, Kid?"

The Traveling Kid said in a husky voice: "Maybe I can do the sort of work you like to have done."

Gore said: "Put him up, Ben."

"I work here?" asked the kid.

"You work here," answered Gore, and went back into the house.

RETURNING to Hat about one o'clock in the morning, Benbow found Izee restlessly tramping the yard while the rest of the ranch slept. Izee said, with a gruff relief: "When you go on the scout, Benbow, I wish you'd let a man know. Where you been?"

"Cherokee."

"A dumb thing to do. What'd you find?"

"Nothing." But afterward Benbow asked: "You know the country beyond the high pass pretty well?"

"Some of it. Spots I never got into—it bein' mighty rough."

"We'll have a look at those spots one day."

"Indian Riley knows every foot of that country."

"I know. Which is why we'll have a look." Benbow turned out his horse and pegged his gear and came back across the yard again. Izee still stood there, a short and stolid shape in the dark, ridden by a fretful gloom.

"Jim," he blurted out, "what you think of marriage?"

"Depends on who's getting married."

"That's the trouble. It might be me."

"Mary Boring's a fine girl."

"Yeah," said Izee dispiritedly. "Yeah, sure. I ought to know. We been goin' together four years."

"What's holdin' you back then?"

"Well," said Izee in a foreboding manner, "I been my own boss a long time and it goes hard to give that up."

"Have a try, Izee."

"Aw, hell," sighed Izee and paced back to the bunkhouse.

Benbow stood momentarily still, the outline of Hat's buildings lying blackly against the night. There was a little wind running its cold breath over the valley and the near-by river clucked in the marginal willows. Other than that there was no sound and no motion. He went on to the big house and let himself into the office. Lighting a lamp, he sat down before the desk, feeling no need for sleep.

The night had solved some things and some things it had left tangled. He had always known—in common with the valley—that Indian Riley was an ordinary thief who escaped being hung only because he covered his tracks too well. He had also always known that Cash Gore was a crooked man. Suspecting a connection between Riley and Gore, he had at last satisfied himself of that fact by putting a few bullets through Riley's settlement windows. Riley had run back to Cash Gore with the news. The evidence there was complete.

(Continued on page 52)



.... Ships
DO come in

The child, dreaming of his ship coming in, sees the gleam of fabulous riches, feels upon his slim shoulders the mantle of greatness and power, hears the applause of an admiring throng.

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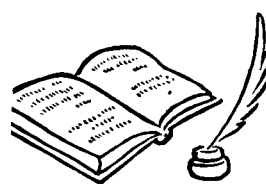
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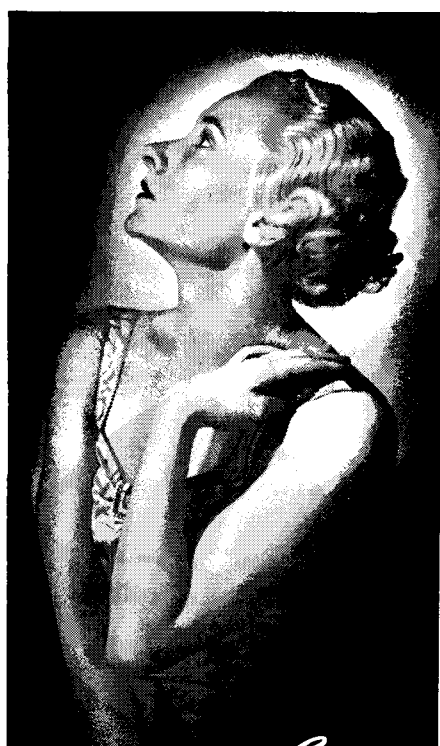
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(Continued from page 51)

Jubal Frick's buckling under to Cash Gore was something he had not understood before. Jubal lived there in obvious fear of his life and Gore operated Running M as he pleased. What he also knew beyond doubt was that Gore was the powder behind all the country's rustling. Under shelter of Running M he had picked a crew to his liking; and it was his word that put Indian Riley to work up along the Yellows.

This much he had established; this much he had proved. He could erase from his mind whatever doubts and whatever compunctions he might have entertained. There remained now the job of discovering by what route these men slipped valley beef through the Yellows and to what destination they were sent. Until he knew that, and until he actually saw stolen beef being herded out of the country by this outfit, he could not act.

THERE was this quality of exact justice in Benbow that he himself failed to recognize. He was certain of Gore's guilt but he had not seen any Gore man rustle beef. He had to see that. Slowly considering the chain of evidence, he sat solemnly before the table, his big, fighter's body relaxed in the chair. There was a battle coming that would spread its bloody, brutal tracks all over the hills. He knew Gore's kind too well to expect surrender; he knew himself too well and the valley cattlemen too well to expect mercy. It was why he wanted to be sure.

All this went through his head in its dark, slow fashion, and he sat in the night-still house with a sense of loneliness that grew and could not be shaken off. Hat was the valley's great ranch, and he ran Hat, and it would be to him that the rest of the valley turned when killing time came. It would be his responsibility; and it would be his word that hung or saved a man. His conscience had to hold all this.

His thoughts had a way of sliding off to other people, to Connie Dale, to Joe Gannon, who was a better man than the valley believed him to be—who had married Eileen Gannon knowing her heart was on another man. To Clay Rand. His thinking halted there and he reviewed the scene in Cherokee with a puzzled, alert consideration. Earlier in the evening Clay had been near the Gannon place; then he had appeared in Cherokee. What for? The man was notoriously a restless rider—always on the move; and of late more secretive and less gay. His gambling debts, Benbow guessed, were bothering him. He couldn't keep his hands off a pack of cards. There was that streak in Clay always disposed to take chances, to make a long bet, to choose a short cut.

It grew colder in the room and darkness pressed against the windows. Connie said: "Of what are you thinking, Jim?"

He turned to find her standing at the office doorway, her arms holding a faded woolly robe closely about the shapely slimmness of her body. Sleep had softened her cheeks; it had stained them a rose color; it had loosened the arrangement of her hair. Framed against the yellow light, she made a picture that hurt Benbow to see.

"Better go back to bed, Connie."

She came over and sat down in Jack Dale's favorite leather chair, studying him. Her eyes were wide with what she felt, with what she wanted to know. It was the way she always looked at Benbow, personal and intuitive, and terribly frank. She could never escape that odd, half-wisely instinct of possessing him—of sometimes wanting to hurt him and yet always standing instantly by him when she felt that others were hurting him. This little flash of loyalty came

to her instantly now that she saw how hard his thinking had been. When he was tired his long face had a way of settling and losing light. When trouble came to him he showed it by the unruly expression of his eyes.

"I can make you some coffee, Jim."

"Never mind."

"Where were you tonight?"

"Up in the Yellows."

She had her father's way of listening to an answer and catching what lay behind the words. She had her father's way of cutting through the things that didn't matter. Laconic. "Find anything?"

"Yes," he said.

She let her shoulders rest in the chair and turned one leg idly across the opposite knee, swinging it up and down. It was an old habit, a gesture of boyishness still remaining; he had his look at its smooth, white lines and lifted his glance away, and something of what he felt then went across to her. She straightened in the chair, her color more distinct than it had been. But she wanted to know exactly what he was thinking, as she always did. "Jim—what?"

"You're not a kid any more."

"You've seen my legs a good many years," she told him tartly.

"I know."

She dropped her eyes and her hand folded the edge of the robe in more secure arrangement around her knees. She said, gently: "We've had a lot of fun together, Jim. Will it all stop when Clay and I are married?"

"You'd better ask Clay," he said dryly.

"I'm asking you," she told him.

"I won't be here, Connie."

She spoke with a quick lift of her voice: "Don't say that." She rose from the chair and stirred uncertainly around the room. Afterward she came to a stand behind him. Her fingers touched his hair, smoothing it down and then she let her hands fall to his shoulders. Her talk ran its soft way through the chilly stillness of the room.

"You're kind of tough, Jim. Sometimes I watch you in a crowd of men and I see how all of them swing around you. You can make people mind. You can always make them do what you want done. I don't know why—it's a trick you have. I've watched men drift your way, wherever you happen to be standing. It's made me feel funny. Proud. You never lift a hand or raise your voice. But they come."

"Go back to bed."

She said: "I have tried to imagine this ranch without you on it. I can't do it. It wouldn't be Hat any more. I'd keep remembering back to the time when you were here. You see? Whether I like it or not, I'm the same as all the others. I look for you."

HE PULLED himself from the chair and turned. Her eyes were slow in lifting, but when they rose they were altogether candid—holding the strange and terrible honesty there for him. She was trying to tell him something she couldn't say aloud; and she was reading him anxiously for an answer. "If you went away," she said, faintly above a whisper, "could you forget me?"

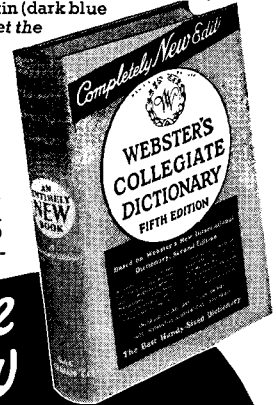
"Connie," he said, "it's Clay you're marrying."

She dropped her glance. "Yes," she murmured. "Yes." He heard the strange falling cadence of that answer. The top of her dark head was ashine under the lamplight, a fragrance rose sweetly from her. He put his big arms behind him, hands locked together. When she looked at him again a self-imposed reserve seemed to cover her feelings. Her lips were gently curved. "It's strange, isn't it, Jim? How can I tell you what I feel? I don't know—I don't know."

He drew a long, long breath. Fire flashed its way through him, freshly and

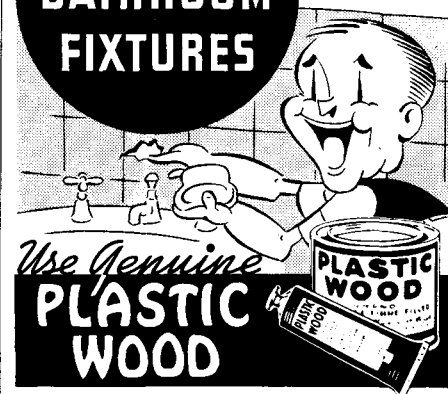
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hungrily burning. Restraint cramped down on his big muscles and left them with an actual ache. "Connie," he said, "it's Clay you're marrying. I've been a kind of fixture around here. Something maybe you'll miss for a while when it's gone—and then forget. If it does you any good, kid, I'll tell you—"

He stopped on that, afterward adding: "Let it ride like it is. Sure we've had fun. I can remember that, too. But you've grown up and you can't hang onto memories. Every now and then I've had to say goodbye to a part of my life that was all finished. I've had to make the break. You'll have to make that break, too, like every living soul. Don't look behind you, kid. That's the one thing I've learned. Yesterday will always make you cry. I know. It's tomorrow you've got to look for."

She said, near tears, "When you go—I'll lose so much!" And for a moment they stood like that, something whirling rashly between and swaying both of them with its violent compulsions. He broke it brusquely. "Other things come first. I'm taking Hat into a war, Connie. It may come this winter or it may be in the spring. God only knows the answer to it. The valley we had our fun in is all gone."

She whispered, "That bad?"

"Somebody," he told her gently, "has to be killed."

She turned back to the doorway and wheeled there a moment, a supple-shaped girl turned mysteriously into the fullness of a woman, with a sudden grace and a sudden richness putting her beyond his reach. All her face was in the lamplight; yet shadow made its deep pools in her eyes. This way she momentarily stood, studying him with an odd intensity; and then went back up the stairs.

He was at once bone-tired, isolated in a dead-black world. Turning out the lamp, he went to his own room. Usually a sound sleeper, he lay long awake listening to the quick wind whisper at the edges of the house. Winter was on its way.

Cash Gore crossed the Running M yard, roped out and saddled his pony and

stepped into the leather. The Traveling Kid stood near by, watching Gore with his bright, adolescent eyes; the ranch crew came up slowly from the corrals and stopped in the background. It was the way Gore sat in his saddle that told them of trouble. He loosened his rope and shook it out and whirled a tentative loop and let it fall. Yet the crew saw his hand hold that loop in its half-built position. Morning's fresh sunlight burst along the valley and a cool breeze played out of Granite Canyon's mouth. There was a nip in this air. Gore let his taciturn stare fall on the Kid.

"Know anybody at that weddin' the other day, Kid?"

The Kid said: "I don't know nobody."

"How was it you stopped to eat with the Hat chuck wagon last night?"

"Gettin' dark and I was hungry."

"If it was dark what kept you from sleepin' there?"

"Me? Say, I don't stay long no place. A fellow on the dodge learns that."

"Then why'd you come here?"

"Maybe," said the Kid mysteriously, "I figured this kind of a place was a good place for a fellow like me."

"What kind of a place?" pressed Gore.

"I got ears," said the Kid. "I hear things."

CASH GORE swung his loop idly, his stony eyes watching the loop widen and fall. "Where you from?"

"Texas."

"Know Jim Benbow?"

"Seen him. Don't know him." The Kid shifted his boots around the dust, and looked behind him to the row of men ranked so still-shaped there. At once he jerked his head back to meet the full slantwise glitter of Cash Gore's glance. The Kid's big Adam's apple slid up and down and his callow cheeks whitened. He said, nervously, "Well, what—"

Gore said, with a softer and softer voice: "You come straight down from the Hat chuck wagon last night?"

"That's right."

"Straight down—no dallyin' around?" urged Gore.

The Kid's pallor was distinct. It accentuated the angularity of his cheeks, the

(Continued on page 54)



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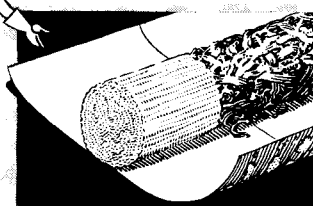


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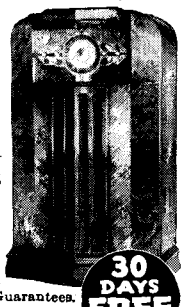
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COUGH DROP

(Continued from page 53)

thickness of his lips. He moved his feet again and said in a cracked, dry voice: "Yeah."

Silence dropped like a vast tent over the whole yard. Gore's eyes were narrowing out a raw light and his lips showed a vague change beneath the rust-colored screen of his mustache. His hand turned the loop of the rope idly beside the horse; he looked down at it, swung it up over his head in one sudden throw. The Kid saw that loop snake forward and yelled, "I never—!"

The rope bit instantly around his waist, pinning his arms. He fought the rope and then Gore's horse, trained to hold anything that fought, backed away step by step, holding the tension while the Kid scuffed up the dust with his boots.

Gore said: "You been lyin', Kid. Your bootmarks show where you squatted in the rocks out there last night. Benbow put you up to this!"

"No!" cried the Kid, "I got nothin' to do with Benbow!" He flung one wild look back to the Running M hands, who made no motion and no sound. "You goin' to see him do this?"

Gore wheeled the horse and dug in his spurs. The rope snapped the Traveling Kid's thin back and turned him completely through the air. He was still fighting when he fell, fighting and rolling and screaming as Gore's horse plunged into a dead run across the valley. Dust rose around the Kid and one arm lifted and made a faint signal for mercy; after that his head struck a rock and his feet wheeled through the air. He was through fighting then. Gore dragged him a few yards farther and stopped. He got down, walking back to the Kid, slipping off the rope.

The Kid was dead, with blood creeping out of his nose and a look of terror not yet dissolved from his battered, immature features. Gore stared down at him, showing no expression. Then he rolled up his rope, climbed back into the saddle and returned to the yard. None of the crew spoke.

"Hat," said Gore, "is havin' hard luck with its spies. Dump this kid in Jack Dale's yard tonight, Ben."

Ben Kell muttered, "All right."

"When I don't trust a man," said Gore evenly, "that's his end. I trust you boys. Think it over."

ALL along the Two Dance and Yellow ranges roundup fires burned their holes into the black and chilling nights; and by day the long files of cattle ruffled the valley dust in steady line as they moved on toward the railroad at Mauvaise siding. Big mossy-horned steers tossing their horns rampant, wild with the long isolation in the hills and with an unmixed Texan blood; and blockier, gentler steers bred to the new Hereford strain. Looking at this improved stuff as it surged up the chute at Mauvaise into the cattle cars, Nelson McGinnis of Diamond-and-a-Half parted his whiskers to drink his coffee out of a tin cup and opined that the cattle business was growing up. He could remember the time in the Southwest when beef was simply beef. "A steer wasn't much tamer or slower than an antelope. Mean to meet and worth next to nothing. It's growed up to a business and I can't say I like the change." He recalled the past regretfully and then snatched the flaming-hot cup from his lips with the enraged belch of a bull.

Out in the darkness riders of all the different outfits circled the herd's edges and grumbled their soothing songs, waiting turn at the loading chute. The glare of the freight engine's headlights shot far down the track and the smell of cattle reeked in the night and tally men were yelling and the engine bell rang and brakemen's lanterns wove white cir-

cles on top of the cattle cars. Thus loaded in sweat and haste, another train moved off for Omaha and another string of empties slid along the chute.

Somebody yelled: "Crescent—git your beef up here!" And Gordon Howland's shout sailed forward and Crescent steers surged restlessly forward from the dark.

It went like that throughout the fall, the columns of beef debouching from the timbered uplands and marching on across the valley. Diamond-and-a-Half, Block T, Crescent, Hat and Clay Rand's little jag of Anvil stuff. With the ranchers beyond the Yellows making their long drives from the south; and with the Mauvaise Valley people coming down from the north. Converged at this lone siding in the middle of the flat lands, week after week, the punchers of the various outfits worked and slept and swapped and quarreled and visited and went on their respective ways. Chuckwagon fires bloomed a while and died; and outfits moved in and out and friends met and bad blood boiled, and then chuck wagons and outfits rode back again across the plain and at last Mauvaise siding was still again, with the packed ground bearing the scars of the fury that had been, the blackened fire circles, the tin cans and broken bits of men's living.

IT WAS October and then it was November, with a premature white dusted along the heights of the Yellows. In sixty days of riding, Benbow had touched the home ranch but three times. With the shipping done, there was still the job of drifting all the rest of the Hat stuff down from timber to the flats. Purposely, he left a small scatter of beef along the edge of Granite Canyon; and in three weeks of solid, bitter rain he wound up the season.

In December it was done. Winter was on them, winter and the dreary business of riding line. He established his men in the cabins along the Ramparts, freighted their winter's grub out to them, turned the extra horses loose and came riding back to Hat fifteen pounds lighter than he had been.

Sitting in the office with Jack Dale—the old man didn't move much from his favorite chair these days—he made his report.

"I left some beef up at the edge of the canyon. Bait for rats. Pete Cruze will do the watching."

Old Jack shook his head and spoke with a weary remnant of anger. "That Travelin' Kid—they handled him pretty brutal. I keep rememberin' the young lad's face. Just wanted to be tough, like any boy. And got killed for it. They figured him one of your men—like that Arizona." Dale swung to have his direct look at Benbow. "I never was quite sure if you had the Kid hired to do this."

"I didn't know him at all. He just fell into the situation at the wrong time. Same man killed him as killed Arizona."

"Know the man?"

"Yes."

Jack Dale reared up growling. "Why in God's name you hanging back then? You got the whole valley to choose your help from."

Benbow slouched forward, resting his arms across his knees, rubbing his tough palms together. He let the silence run on, having a hard time finding the proper words to express what lay so blackly inside. "There's a chore here that will stick in my mind the rest of my life. I can stand that, if there ain't any doubt afterward. So I've got to prove what I know, before I start."

Jack Dale lighted a cigar, looking through its smoke and through the window to the long sweep of the yonder valley. He said irrelevantly, "A pretty land. I've had my luck here and my fun. When you think the showdown will come?"

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"By spring. Or, if a break comes, sooner."

Jack Dale slowly shook his head. "I wish I could be here to see it."

Benbow lifted his eyes immediately. The window light made Jack Dale's face quite gray. The steam was gone from this hearty old man and the flesh along his jaws was loose and wrinkled. "You seen a doctor?" asked Benbow.

"I've lived long enough with animals to be like one. A hound knows when it's dyin'. I know—just like that hound." He added instantly: "Don't say anything to Connie."

"No," murmured Benbow, and stared down at his big hands. He cleared his throat, slowly locking his hands together. The light of the room dimmed for him. Old Jack's voice was remoter than it had been—a voice that had been so strong and alive and now was slipping away into a far land.

"I'd like to last long enough to see the end of the fight," repeated Jack Dale wistfully. "I ain't afraid to go. It's the uncertainty as to how you come through it I hate to feel. You've been my son, Jim. I couldn't've had one of my own I'd've liked or trusted better."

"It'll come out all right," Benbow told him gently.

"I don't know. I feel trouble. I feel a lot of trouble up ahead. An Indian is sly, but a white man turned crooked is worse. Well, it's that I don't like. And Connie marryin' Rand. I'd meant this to be your ranch, son. Now you're pullin' away. Nothin' solid in the world any more."

"I won't be goin' till the trouble's settled. And Rand will make her a fine man. They don't come any better, Jack!"

Jack Dale made no answer. His eyelids narrowed down as he watched the land outside. It was a way he had, of closing his mouth definitely, of withdrawing from people when he had con-

trary thoughts. Benbow could feel the old man's opposing judgment ride this room, and it puzzled him. But he held his tongue and long afterward Dale said enigmatically: "You've got more to contend with than you now see. Remember I told you that. I dislike to know what you'll have to face. It'll be a hard day for you when it comes."

Benbow got up. He stood high and husky over Jack Dale, unable to speak his feelings. He said briefly, "I keep rememberin' the day I rode up to Hat, a raw kid, and you took me in," and swung out of the room at a fast step. On the porch he stopped to build himself a cigarette, scowling at his finger tips. Early afternoon's sun lay somewhere above a winter's milky storm haze, spraying a strange mist-light across the range. The rising wind bit its cold way through his clothes. Clay Rand trotted into the yard and rounded up at the porch. A moment later Connie came out.

"Come in for coffee, Clay."

RAND stepped to the ground and stamped his stiff legs. Wind had ruddied up his cheeks and his grin was as white and fine as anything in the world. He looked at Benbow cheerfully. "You been workin', kid. Thin."

Benbow drawled: "I'm no wanderin' minstrel."

Clay Rand's laughter was a huge shout, echoing still as he tramped into Hat's house. Connie waited at the door. "Coffee for you, too, Jim?"

"I'm going to town early. I'll see you there tonight."

She said, "Promise you'll come to the dance hall?"

"Yes," he said and went across the yard. She remained in the doorway until he came riding back with the Hat crew behind him. She watched him swing down the road.

(To be continued next week)



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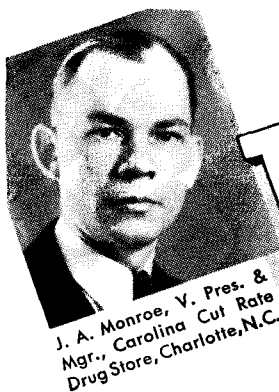
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The Girl Who Bluffed

Continued from page 25

from the well-known play. It was an unsympathetic part. Along Broadway, when the show was running, it had been rumored that Craig's Wife had bolstered many a tottering marriage. Husbands, seeing it, had wisely concluded that their own mates were, in comparison with the wife of the unfortunate Craig, completely perfect. She was an ornery creature whose only asset was beauty.

"I'm afraid I can't accept the part," Rosalind said. "I don't think my public would like it."

"What public?" asked the producer crudely.

She Admits It

There was a basis for his remark. For twelve months Miss Russell had been getting up at six o'clock every morning, her eyes heavy with sleep. She had been careening to studios where, she supposed, she had been acting fair-to-excellent parts in such pictures as *The President Vanishes*, *The Night is Young*, and *China Seas*. Her roles had been slashed to mere walk-ons before the pictures had been released, however, and a fan letter, to Rosalind, was as rare as an income-tax refund to the average American. Thus she should have been grateful for a chance at *Craig's Wife*. But bluff is not absent from the make-up of Miss Russell and at this moment she had a hunch that her personal upturn was just around the corner. The pugnacious Myrna Loy, involved in a quarrel with her studio, had spurned a part with William Powell in *Rendezvous*. It had been given to La Russell, instead. The film would soon be released and Rosalind was sure that it would boost her prospects.

She could neither lie nor bluff her way out of doing *Craig's Wife*, however, and today, under severe cross-examination, she will occasionally admit she was wrong in trying to squirm out of it. For Miss Russell to concede error is nothing short of sensational, and is eloquent proof of her changed status as a motion-picture player. She did a good comedy job in *Rendezvous* and the fans liked it. She made *Craig's Wife* unpleasant, life-like and convincing, and the fans cheered her versatility. So now she is being starred with Robert Taylor, the most recent heartthrob of the feminine universe.

In Hollywood, where a label must be pinned to everybody, Miss Russell is supposed to be fabulously wealthy in her own right. There have been ugly rumors, indeed, that she might be blacklisted by the Screen Actors' Guild for trying to take thousand-dollar weekly checks out of the mouths of hard-working Jean Harlow and Greta Garbo. Stories have been circulated that her ancestral home at Waterbury, Connecticut, was a magnificent estate and that Rosalind's only worry as a young girl was the fit of her English riding boots. The late Mr. James E. Russell, her father, was supposed to have amassed an enormous fortune as a lawyer. So Rosalind, when she reached Hollywood, was called a "society heiress."

All this was most unfair. It is true, on the other hand, that the Russells were in comfortable circumstances and might have been quite well off had not Mr. Russell indulged in a passion for real estate which slumped drastically in value. Mr. Russell had one ardent belief. This was that his four daughters—there were, in addition, three sons in the Russell ménage—should do some useful work. Rosalind, born in Waterbury in June, 1908, knew by the time she reached her teens that she would have to support herself.

Rosalind had no particular thirst for

work. Strategy, she learned at a precocious age, was much easier. So she drifted through adolescence, rather a spoiled brat, and quite successfully avoided all labor. She was on the bright side and fooled her teachers.

Her father was not fooled, though, and ordered, as she approached eighteen, that she must qualify for entrance to Barnard College, where, at last, she might be forced to study. This time she had to bone fairly hard. She got in, though, and went back to her old system.

Nor was the lovely Rosalind without her mercenary side. She came home for vacation from Barnard at about this time to learn that her older sister needed an extra girl for a dance.

"You'll come, won't you?" the sister asked. "He's a divine dancer."

"Yes. But it will be \$5 for up to midnight and \$10 after that," said Rosalind, who was, in fact, crazy to go. But she got her price.

This desire for money was the motivation which led to the stage. Writers, the youthful Miss Russell had learned, were nearly always poor. Teachers earned a pittance. But there had never been an actress in the Russell family and her intention was viewed with disapproving alarm. Meanwhile, her father had died. It was necessary to sell the idea to Mrs. Russell.

"I'm going to take some courses to improve my voice," Rosalind told her mother without the slightest guilty qualm. "You know how Father detested harsh voices. Besides, a good voice will help me if I should teach."

So she entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York and, for the first time in her life, began to work in earnest. She did well, too, and was starred in the graduation play. Then came the summer at Saranac Lake; then a winter in stock; another summer in the Adirondacks and more stock. She played in Boston, in Buffalo and in nearly every other Eastern city. She once worked for two solid years with only four days off. But she wasn't at all successful in crashing Broadway.

"In what major productions have you appeared?" the managers in New York would ask her.

"I've been learning to act," she would insist. "I've played every kind of part."

"Come and see me when you've had Broadway training," they answered.

Behind the Camera

She finally got some. She appeared with Mady Christians in *Talent*, and with Bert Lytell in *The Second Man*. But these weren't very important parts and their only result was that a motion-picture scout, from a studio which must remain nameless, saw her perform. The buffeting of playing in stock had heightened Miss Russell's cold practicality. She declined to sign a typical Hollywood contract.

Rosalind said, very aloofly, that she would take screen tests in Hollywood if the producers would pay her expenses and \$100 every time she went to the studio. After that she would make a deal if they wanted her. And so, about two years ago, she entrained for California.

Miss Russell knew nobody out there except one or two girls who had been in Barnard. She did not have a single friend in any studio. Her first experience in Hollywood was grotesque. She became the first girl in history to be given a screen test while standing *behind* the camera. She was not photographed at all. At the studio, when she arrived, she had been informed that all the execu-

tives were far too busy to see her. However, if she reported on a certain stage, she would be tested the following morning. So Rosalind tried bluff again. She dropped into the studio make-up department, announced who she was and left a tip of \$25 to impress the help with her importance. She did the same thing with the hairdressers. At 7 o'clock in the morning she was on hand.

"So sorry, dearie," said Make-up loftily. "We're getting ready to do Gloria Gorgeous. Later, maybe."

The hairdressers also rebuffed her. So Rosalind, virtually in the raw, without make-up and without her curls properly arranged, crept dolefully on the sound stage where her test was to be made. It was still quite dark, so she sat down on some scenery. Then lights flashed on and the director appeared.

Really a Nice Girl

"Where's that girl I was to test?" he roared.

"Here I am," said the emerging Rosalind.

"Why aren't you ready? Never mind. It doesn't matter. I'm testing a leading man, anyway. Here! Stand behind the camera and read these lines!"

She did this for the rest of the day, while the cameras recorded the exquisite features of various actors and while the microphones, alone, recorded Rosalind herself. After that, nothing at all happened for a week or two. Nothing, that is, except her industrious efforts to build up as high an expense account as possible at the hotel where she stayed. She was preparing to return to New York when an agent for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who had seen her on the stage in the East, chanced to hear that she was in Hollywood. This time she was given a real test and she started her rise to fame.

For all her Machiavellian talents, Miss Rosalind Russell is a nice, friendly girl. She talks incessantly and probably unreliably. She is rather tall for a girl, being five feet six in her stocking feet. This means that she has to play a good many scenes thus attired; not a few of Hollywood's most rugged male stars are shorter than she is. Miss Russell is definitely on the exotic side, with brown-

black hair and brown eyes. Orchids suit her; she is among the very few women who can wear them in the daytime and not look silly. She is very thin and drinks beer with her meals in the hope of putting on weight.

Having no important friends in Hollywood, Miss Russell lacked one other qualification for immediate success in pictures. She had no outstanding eccentricity which would cause the beam of public attention to swing in her direction. Had she been able to evolve some eccentricity, such as Katharine Hepburn's custom of reading her fan mail while sitting in the middle of a studio street, Rosalind would undoubtedly have been delighted. None occurred to her, though. So she did nothing. She lived quietly in a small house up in the hills. The theory that she was as wealthy as she was aloof gained further strength. This lasted until about six months ago when her older sister, who is an extremely canny young woman, also, came to Hollywood for a visit.

"We're going to the opening of The Great Ziegfeld," she told Rosalind, "and you're going to knock them cold. I'll get you up in a dish that even Hollywood has never seen."

So the Russell sisters called upon California's most costly and skilled modiste and evolved a gown so simple that it was breath-taking.

"In your hair," announced Clarabelle, the sister, "you'll wear a bunch of grapes."

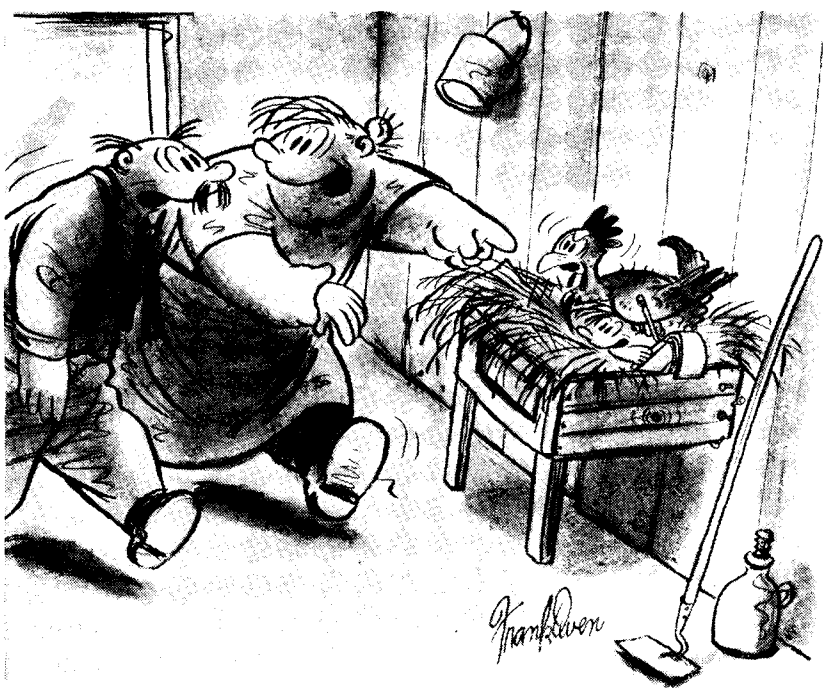
They bought the grapes; glass ones, I regret to report. Rosalind draped herself in the new dress and they set off for the premiere. The trick was more than successful. She stole the lobby show, to an extent, from the stars of the film. The photographers swarmed. Rosalind and her curious headdress were reproduced throughout the land, and now grapes are standard equipment for women of fashion.

Miss Russell is a little over twenty-eight years old and admits it. This, alone, makes her utterly unique among her colleagues of the shadow industry. If, in this dissertation, I have impugned her truthfulness I must make amends now. For she actually tells her age. She tells it correctly, too, for I have, naturally, checked up on her.

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"According to his books, the chicks are hatched and everything's fine, except they're all little ducks!"

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"good old days?"



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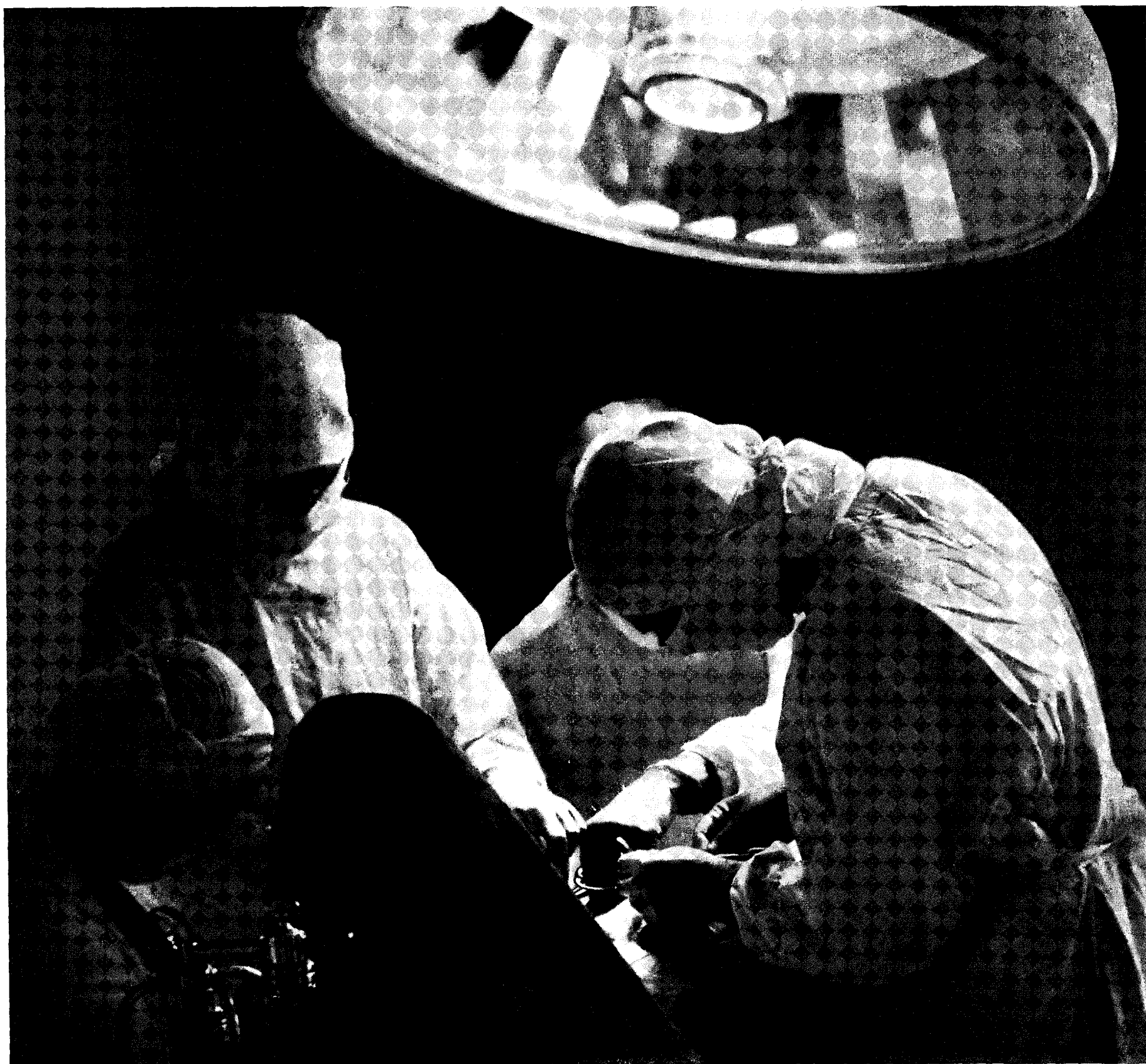
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The Heart Has Wings

By Faith Baldwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

HAPPILY married for many years, forty-year-old Peter Harris, wealthy manufacturer of airplanes, and his charming wife, Hildreth, gradually drift apart. Then—nearly a year after their daughter, Dolly, has married and gone to the Middle West to live—Peter awakens to the realization that he and Gail Williams, a noted Middle Western girl flyer, are madly in love; that he must have his freedom. And, as gently as he can, he tells Hildreth the whole story.

Meanwhile, another suitor—young Bill Jones, a radio expert—has been imploring Gail to marry him. Through Gail, he has met Peter Harris, who has promised to back him in the development of a radio device which may revolutionize aviation.

Bill is intensely jealous of Peter. Following a quarrel with Gail, he is struck by a truck, injured, and rushed to a hospital. Gail assumes that he has dropped her.

Then, while she is visiting her father in the Middle West, Dolly has a baby, a boy. Hildreth is with her daughter; Peter is hunting in the Canadian wilds.

Several days later, Peter reaches Chicago. There he learns that one of his experimental airplanes has crashed, and the pilot, Bedford, has been killed! From that moment on, feeling that he had failed Dolly in a time of need, and that he is responsible for Bedford's tragic death, he is no longer the blithe, gay Peter of old.

En route to Reno, Hildreth learns that Dolly and her husband, George Crosley, are going to China. Hildreth does not want Dolly to go—she phones Peter and implores him to join her as soon as possible. Whereupon, he and Gail have a serious altercation. When Gail is again alone, to her amazement, she experiences only a feeling of relief and serenity!

XI

GAIL spent a good deal of her time at the hospital to which Bill had been moved. He was pale, notably thinner, but his grin was as impudent as ever and he was cheerful despite all the contraptions which had been rigged up for his fractured leg.

They hadn't talked much that first day, but afterward, in the quiet, pleasant private room uptown, there was no excuse for not talking.

He said, "I ought to be shot. I asked for it, Gail. Walked right into that truck and said 'Howdy.' I caught one wild glimpse of the driver's face. I'll never forget it. He looked scared to death and madder'n hell. I don't blame him. . . ."

"Zany," remarked Gail.

"Yes. I was thinking of other things." He grinned at her. . . . "I suppose I should say . . . of you. But I wasn't. I was plotting something in the old bean. . . . You haven't told me how you found me."

"I didn't," she replied serenely, "my father did. He had detectives on your trail."

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Bill, "what did I do?"

"Disappear."

"I didn't," he expostulated. "Told you I was right around the corner. Like prosperity. Or trouble. Take your pick. I just moved, that's all. It's astonishing how easy it is to lose yourself. And there are so many William Joneses in New York."

Gail said, "Look; I asked your old postman. He didn't know. You must have gotten some mail, Bill."

"Circulars," he admitted. "Postmen, like daisies, don't tell. Matter of fact I belong to a club. Clubman, that's me. Radio nuts like myself. We've a hang-out. Got my mail there."

"You," she commented, "went to a lot of trouble to keep away from me."

He said, uneasily:

"I'd been—well, I was a fool. After

that night . . . I never wanted to see you again, Gail. I'm a bad loser. So I pulled out. Then there was—Harris," he added carefully. "I thought he'd look for me. The beam, of course. I'm no hero. I wasn't going to hand over my beam and my girl. Not that you were my girl; that was my error."

She said, "Let's forget all that, shan't we? Listen. My father says he'll give you the run of the Sorrensen plant. Also he's taken over a plant in Ohio . . . all-metal planes, you could work there if you'd prefer. Have a lab of your own. No one would bother you. There might even be a job of sorts, if you wanted it. But he thought you wouldn't want it. He thought you might feel there were strings attached to his interest. There aren't. You can work as long as you please and then if you don't want Sorrensen to have the beam, you needn't. He said you might feel the job would put you under obligations, but in this instance, it wouldn't."

Bill said, "Gee, he's swell. I'd . . . I'd like to work for him." He looked at her sheepishly. "I thought of going to him with the beam, you know. Revenge stuff. Double-dealing. . . . It's been lonely," he told her, "and after a while I got to thinking—if I could see Gail—I didn't fool myself. None of this friendship

stuff. That's out. Gail—you're going to marry Harris?"

She said, after a moment, "No."

"No?" He raised himself a little on the pillows and looked at her. "You mean that?"

"Yes, I mean it, Bill."

"You found out you didn't—love him, after all?"

Gail looked out of the windows. Bill's eyes followed hers, and returned to her lovely oval face, her lips red against the cream texture of her skin, her eyes sea-green, now thoughtful, the ruffled dark curls.

She said, in a small voice:

"I don't know, Bill. It all went awfully wrong. It was just one of those things happen to you. Let's not talk about it, if you don't mind."

The floor nurse stuck her head in at the door. "You all right?" she asked.

"Swell," Bill assured her.

WHEN the nurse had gone Gail told him: "I'm going West, too—"

"For good—?"

"Possibly . . ." She added, "I may go to England, or France, a little later in the summer. I don't know. I haven't decided. But I'm subletting the apartment."

That was the one definite conclusion

which she had reached, escape, run away, go back home, crawl in somewhere, lick her wounds. If she couldn't stand Lake Forest, or her father's Wisconsin camp, she'd take a trip. She had distant cousins in England, a school friend married in France. There'd be something to do, some place to go.

Bill ordered, "Don't you dare leave until I get there!"

Gail had kept closely in touch with her father ever since he reached her with the word that the missing Jones had been located in a city hospital. Leaving Bill that night she telephoned him. She said, "I'm coming home for a while, bag and baggage. Subletting the flat, furnished. Later, I can make arrangements to ship or store the things."

Arriving in Chicago, Gail sent Bill a wire and drove with Ellen back to Lake Forest. The summer heat had not set in, there was something very clean and windswept about the city, and her own big stone house, set in lawns and gardens coming into flower and green trees, had never, she thought, looked as lovely. She sighed, as they came up the drive and Ellen asked:

"Gail, are you staying—for good? We hope so . . . your father and I."

Gail put out her hand, touched Ellen's fleetly. She said, remorsefully: "You're



"I don't see why you have to get all tangled up again," he told her. He glanced at her, frowning



sweet. I've been a cat. Two cats. Killenny for choice."

Ellen laughed, but Gail saw that she was pleased. She said:

"You're still on the fence?"

"Cats always are. Perhaps, a little," Gail admitted, "still, I'm weakening..."

"You haven't answered me—are you staying?" demanded Ellen. "... If you do... we'll open camp early, we'll have a houseful of young people."

Gail said:

"Look, Ellen, I don't know, I'm all of a dither. I have to get over it in my own way. Let me struggle; there's a good girl."

That night Ellen spoke to her husband. She said, in triumph:

"I told you so."

"Ellen, for Pete's sake, I thought you were different from other women!"

"Who is?" inquired Ellen. She added, "Gail and Peter Harris are all washed up."

"She hasn't said anything," Jim Williams remarked. "Or has she?"

"No. She doesn't need to. I know. You'll see."

ON THE second morning Gail told her father. She said:

"You needn't worry about me any more."

He nodded gravely. He said, looking at her across the breakfast table, sun golden in the honey, the big, old-fashioned room aromatic with the fragrance of coffee, of hot rolls:

"I'm glad. That's rather inadequate. Care to tell me about it?"

They were alone, the servants had left the room and Ellen hadn't appeared at breakfast.

She said, "There isn't much. I don't know what happened." She looked at him, deeply troubled. "What I hate so... is this empty, futile sort of feeling. As if all the clocks had stopped. What gets me down is believing so hard in something, then, suddenly, not believing."

Her father splashed honey on a roll. It ran over the edges. He licked a hard forefinger. He said, "Look, Gail, let's say that it wasn't right for you, and let it go at that. Half of what's hurting you is your vanity."

"Vanity!" She stared at him, amazed and wounded.

"Yes, vanity. You were picturing yourself as one of the world's great lovers. The world well lost and all the rest of it. Smash up everything, brave censure, gossip. You didn't care... When do you expect Bill Jones?"

"In a couple of weeks. Why?"

"Ellen and I have been talking. What say we open the camp...? Bill could get some real rest there, you and Ellen could dig in, ask a good crowd. I'd get

up week ends. Have a chance to talk to Bill. Then, if he wants to take a smack at the Ohio plant, it's all right by me."

She said, "See here, you've been a lot better about all this than I was—"

"Pretty different, wasn't it? Of course, I was sore because—" he smiled at her, the big man, with the gray hair and the laughter lines about his face. She thought, panic-stricken, he is aging, oh, he is! It shows in his neck and hands. Her father was saying—"You see, you hit at my vanity, too... Hard. But that's over now."

Gail said, simply:

"I think Ellen is fine."

She drove to Chicago on the following day to shop with Ellen for the camp. They were walking through the first floor of a large store when they encountered Dolly Crosley. She was skimming along, a look of utter concentration on her small face and did not see them, at first. Gail had a moment of sheer cowardice. She thought, perhaps if I turn down this aisle?

Dolly looked up. She said, "Gail!" without pleasure.

Gail performed the introductions and Ellen said, "I'll meet you upstairs, Gail... come along when you're ready. Fourth floor..."

That was Ellen, being tactful. Gail could have killed her. Dolly said, slowly, "I didn't know you were in Chicago."

"I just came a day or so ago. How's the boy?"

"He's elegant," Dolly answered. "You knew we are going to China?"

"Yes," said Gail. "I knew."

Dolly looked around. The shoppers pressed about them, one woman smote Gail's ribs with her elbow and cried beligerently, "Oh, excuse me, to be sure!"

"Did you know Speed had gone to South America?" asked Dolly.

"No," Gail said faintly, "I didn't."

"Gail... I want to talk to you. We can't here... could you come to the flat?"

"Ellen and I are meeting people for lunch," Gail began.

"Then after," Dolly suggested, looking at her directly. "It's pretty important."

"All right," said Gail. "I'll come."

She braced herself for it, but her knees shook and her hands were not steady as she stood before the apartment door. Dolly let her in. The living room was in confusion. Dolly cleared a space on the divan and sat down and motioned Gail to sit beside her. She said:

"Gail, I don't know what it's all about. Have you quarreled with Speed?"

"No," said Gail, "we didn't quarrel. It was a bad mistake, Dolly."

DOLLY said, bitterly, "It's a fine time to decide you were mistaken. Mother's in Reno. Speed came West and saw her here. He told her then... whatever he had to tell. I don't know what it was. That you and he were... well, that he wouldn't be wanting a divorce, probably." Dolly's blue eyes were dark with anger. She said, "Men are like that. I suppose he thought she'd take him back. Well, she didn't. She went on to Nevada. And he's got some sort of a crazy idea about South America. Wants to start a factory. He said he was going to look over the ground... there was something about some maps some man or other had made for him and that he expected to show someone," said Dolly vaguely, "and get a lot of orders. Gerry went with him. They flew. He didn't want Gerry along, but Gerry insisted." Her lips shook and the tears spilled out of her eyes. She said forlornly, "I won't see him again... He won't be back before we sail..."

Gail listened. She asked, "You think it's my fault?"

"Well, of course," said Dolly flatly, "it's your fault. Why not? Speed had gone along at a fairly even pace till you came into the picture. Oh, I knew he was attractive to women, and liked them. Why shouldn't he? But I'd always banked on him and Mother. And now..." She gestured with her hands, "Everything's shot to glory!" She looked at Gail. "I always liked you," she said. "Darn it, I still do. I'll never forget how marvelous you were that night... if it hadn't been for you I'd have been a jibbering idiot... But, why," demanded Dolly, "with about three million men around you, did you have to pick on Speed?"

Gail said:

"Dolly, if I tell you I'm sorry, you'll scream at me, I'd scream at myself. But I am, and I couldn't help it... or what happened after."

"No," admitted Dolly glumly, "I suppose not. Well, it's off my chest and I feel a little better. But everything's so haywire. Mother's coming out to China later," she went on. "But Speed... here, all alone. I can't stand it, Gail; he wasn't meant to be alone." She regarded Gail anxiously. "Anything's better than having him on his own... you wouldn't want... you won't reconsider... if it was just a quarrel?" she asked.

Gail said, "It wasn't that, Dolly. No," she shook her dark head, "he won't be unhappy about it. Not for long. About me, I mean." She rose. At the door, Dolly took her hand. "Perhaps things will straighten out... some way. They generally do..."

SOMETIME around the middle of June Dolly sailed for China. None of her own were there to see her off. Her mother was in Nevada, and her father was in South America. So she sailed with George, the baby and Miss Mercer, and if the Golden Gate was obscured with tears she shed them in private. This was her personal adventure.

Gail was in Wisconsin with Ellen, a young married couple and the guests who drifted in and out. Bill came there directly, under her orders, from the hospital. He came on crutches. There was a chance that he might walk all his life with a slight limp. He said he didn't care; but he did, very much, and Gail knew it.

The camp was at the edge of a big lake, a sprawling affair of logs with the bark on, all the necessary conveniences and no pretentiousness whatever. There were trees marching down to the lake as if they were soldiers. There were very blue skies and fine clear air. Gail ate a great deal, walked, laughed, rested. She and Bill were constantly together.

Ellen asked Jim Williams during a week end:

"Think it means anything?"

"Not yet."

Ellen frowned. She said, "I can't make out. They're like a couple of good old cronies. They scrap half the time and laugh the other half. Have the silliest jokes. They don't act a bit romantic," complained Ellen, alarmed, "but still..."

"Bill," stated Williams, "is all right. Liked him the first moment I set eyes on him at the pier. He has sense."

"I'm glad you think so," remarked Ellen, "generally I don't know what he's talking about. I mean when she's there."

"He still has sense," said Williams.

"They have invented a language," reported Ellen.

"What sort of language...?"

"Ask me something else. They call it Mulligatawny!"

Bill was not spending all his time loafing. He was doing some work. He had a guest cabin to himself, filled with the curious tools of his profession. Later in

This young lady
wears diamonds
all over

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THE American Magazine

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the summer he would go into the Sorrensen plant; and in the autumn, move himself and his workshop to Ohio. He and Williams had settled it between them.

Williams did not at first so much as enter the guest cabin. On the third week end Bill asked him:

"What's the matter? Afraid I'm working on a death ray or something?"

"Listen," said his host, "this is your gadget. Play with it. I'm not any more honest than most men. I might get a yen for it." He grinned. "However, I may as well tell you that my actual mechanical skill is nil. After you get the thing where you want it, we'll talk. If you want to, that is. Words of one syllable. Then if you decide that you'd like to come under the Sorrensen banner, all right."

A FEW days later Gail was called to the camp telephone. A voice puzzlingly familiar, yet one that she could not place, reached her.

"Miss Williams . . . ?"

"Speaking. Who is this?"

"Gerry Downing."

She said, startled:

"Mr. Downing . . . ?" but fear constricted her heart. She asked breathlessly, "Has anything happened? I thought you were in South America."

"I've just returned," he told her. "I haven't any right to approach you this way . . . but I'm worried about Peter. . ."

"Where is he?" asked Gail, steadying her voice.

"He stayed there. Hildreth is here, in New York. She's stopping at the Renton until she leaves for the Coast to join Dolly in China. Peter's in a bad way. Everything has gone against him. He's drinking. Too much and too often. I may be crazy but . . . if you could see Hildreth—"

Gail said:

"All right. I'll come on East. I don't think there's anything . . . But I'll come. I'll be there . . ." she thought swiftly, added, "day after tomorrow."

He said, "I can't thank you enough."

She replaced the receiver and went to find Ellen. "I'm going to New York for a few days," she told her.

Ellen looked at her. She said, "Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry." Then, "Gail . . . it's Peter Harris? You've changed your mind!"

"Yes," Gail told her, "it's Peter." She clasped her strong, tanned hands, looked down at them. "I haven't changed my mind," she said quietly, "but if there's the least chance to undo all I've done—"

She explained briefly to her father and he nodded, and patted her slender shoulder. "Well," he said, "you're the boss. Sure you aren't running into a jam, Gail . . . a worse one? Women do damn' fool things out of pity and a sense of duty. . . ."

She said, "I won't. Not what you're afraid of. . . ."

It was harder explaining to Bill. He said, indignantly:

"I think Downing has particular gall."

"I don't. He's awfully fond of Peter."

"What does he expect you to do? Go to South America and pin a white ribbon on him, or wire, 'Come home, all is forgiven?'" asked Bill sourly.

"Don't be like that." She was a little pale. "I made a bad mess of things. If I can rectify it . . . Only one person can help him, Bill. That's Hildreth Harris. If I can make her see reason. . . ."

"She'll be just crazy about you making her see reason," said Bill warningly.

"I know. All I can do is try. If she throws me out," Gail tried to smile, "I've been thrown out by experts," she said proudly.

Bill grumbled at her. "I don't see why you have to get all tangled up again," he told her. He glanced at her, frowning. "Unless this sob story has got you. . . . Has it, Gail? I mean . . . oh, hell," he

ended crankily, "it's up to you. I haven't got anything to say."

"You've said plenty," she informed him, "and all of it makes sense. Don't worry about me, Bill."

Driving back to Chicago, she tried to straighten out her thoughts. Bill was right, Hildreth would be only deeply resentful of her interference. "Haven't I caused enough trouble?" she asked herself. How in the world could she go to Hildreth Harris and say, "Look here. I don't want your husband any longer; do take him back, there's a nice woman, and get him off my conscience."

It amounted to just that.

No, it did not. She had loved Peter Harris. She hadn't, she assured herself, just thought she loved him. She *had* loved him. She was no longer in love with him through some flaw in her own character possibly, rather than because of some lack in him. But she felt responsibility toward him; no stupid anger, no dramatic hatred, no storybook contempt, no affection—you couldn't fall out of



love and into affection, or at least she couldn't . . . but anxiety, responsibility. . . .

In New York she saw Gerry Downing, wiring him the time of her arrival. She went to the Milo and he came to her there and went upstairs to her living room and talked.

"This," he said, "is very generous of you."

"I don't know why I'm here," Gail admitted. "It doesn't add up. . . . I doubt if Hildreth will see me. . . ."

He said, "She'll see you. I wish I could make things clear. . . ."

"Try. Tell me about Peter first."

HE TOLD her, briefly, concisely, but making it all live for her. Peter had flung himself off to South America, ostensibly to finish up his business there and to look over the ground for the factory. "I think he was running away," Gerry said at this point. He hadn't wanted Gerry with him, had made all sorts of excuses. But Gerry had gone along, nevertheless. He went on:

"McKenzie, of course, had vanished. No hide nor hair of him. We looked in all the usual places and in some of the unusual. He had departed lock, stock and barrel. With Peter's money and with, it seemed, the route maps."

He went on to say that Peter had been pretty insistent that McKenzie was dead somewhere, of drink, or fever, or a

crack-up. He wouldn't listen to Gerry's reasonable argument that in such a case someone would have heard of it. It wasn't until he went to see the Venezuelan that he lost all hope.

"There he sat," said Gerry, "and I could have smacked his face. Good-looking brute, too. He listened to Peter's trivial opening—all about: just happened to be down this way again, so looked you up, and all that, and then to Peter's tentative questions . . . was he still considering the air line, had he done any more about it, and what about ships, if he had? Of course, before we saw him Peter had told me it mightn't be much good . . . 'Thought I could bait him with the maps,' he said."

"Then," Gerry went on, pausing to light his and Gail's cigarette, "damned if the man didn't reach down into a steel drawer, unlocked first with a key. . . . Very colorful . . . very Latin. And there were the maps! McKenzie's maps. Peter's maps. McKenzie had sold out. He's probably grouse shooting in Scotland at the moment."

HE DREW a long breath and went on, "The Venezuelan—Esteban something, was very pleasant. He showed us the maps, pointed out everything, like a schoolteacher. The air line was well under way. They had already purchased their planes."

"From whom?"

"I don't know," said Gerry, "I think . . . from a foreign concern. Not an American. It doesn't matter."

"What happened then?"

"Oh, we fooled around. We didn't talk much about it. We went to Rio. Nice place," he commented conversationally. "I could go for it. There were wires from the plant. This and that wasn't right. Would Peter return? He would not. He'd stay a little longer. Make some contacts. I could go home and straighten things out. So I did. Last I saw of him," ended Gerry, "he was sitting in a bar with his feet stretched out in front of him, ordering his eighth drink."

Gail said hopelessly:

"What's the matter with him, Gerry?"

She hadn't known him by his Christian name before. Neither noticed. He asked:

"Don't you know?"

"No, I don't." She looked at him, desperately honest and he had never liked her as well. She said, "It can't be me. I mean, he wasn't in love with me, not really. He just thought so. I was new to him, I liked the things he did, I understood his feeling about flying, danger, excitement. Of his own accord all this would never have happened. I mean, he would have liked being with me, got a kick out of it, perhaps, fancied himself in love—you know. But it was all in my hands. It usually is in the woman's hands, Gerry. I—I was in love with him, please believe that. But so deadly serious. I made it serious for him."

She flushed, her eyes bright with shame, but candid as the open sky. "I nagged him into it . . . into thinking that if Hildreth divorced him we would be happy together. He was in, over his depth, before he knew it. I know now that he fought it, that it wasn't his will or his wish. . . . You can," she said simply, "kid yourself into thinking a lot of things. We both did."

He said, "Thanks for telling me. The point is Hildreth. If she'll go back to him."

Gail said, "Not on the old terms. It wouldn't work. He'd hate—just coming back, Long Island, magnanimity, everything reminding him that a woman had thrown him over, that another had forgiven him and taken him back."

"Perhaps you're right." Gerry was silent, thinking of Hildreth. He did not like to think of that scene . . . yet it wasn't a scene, it had been too low-pitched for that—the night before he

telephoned Gail. He'd met her train, taken her to the hotel. They'd talked. . . . He'd said, "I never thought you'd go through with it, Hildreth—particularly now."

"What difference does it make?" she'd asked him, "because Peter—or Gail for him—changes his mind? The fact remains. He wanted a divorce. Well, he has it."

He had argued, pleaded, drawn the picture for her, vivid in every detail, of what was happening to Peter. She had listened unmoved. And then he had lost his head and told her that he loved her, had always loved her. . . . Barring that first lost week, longer than Peter had. Oh, much longer. The week he hadn't known her didn't count, he'd been steadfast all the way through.

"Funny thing, to sit here and ask you to go back to Peter. . . . I've wanted you myself, so long."

She had been, he saw, genuinely astonished. She had never dreamed, not for a moment . . . she had thought of his affection for her as an appendage to his friendship for her husband. She'd been very sweet. . . . But it was an end between them. She couldn't, he concluded grimly, forgive his impertinence in daring to love her, without her consent, for nearly twenty years. She'd see him, be decent to him, but the spontaneity of her relationship to him was gone. He had never had a chance; less than ever now.

"I'll see Hildreth, Gerry," Gail promised.

She went to the Renton the next day, in the morning. She did not telephone but sent a note by a bellboy. It said merely, "I'm in the lobby, Hildreth. I want awfully to see you. If you'd rather not please send me word. But I do ask you very humbly to see me. Gail."

The bellboy waited for an answer and returned with the word that Mrs. Harris would see her, at once. Gail rose from the high-backed chair from which she had been staring into the garden where the waiters moved about getting ready for the luncheon trade. She went upstairs and knocked on Hildreth's door.

There was just a bedroom and bath. No suite. The room was in confusion; it reminded Gail of Dolly's apartment when last she had seen it. Hildreth looked up cheerfully from a trunk. She said, "I'm afraid things are rather confused. . . ."

GAIL sat down on the edge of a bed laden with lingerie and Hildreth said distractedly, lightly, "What on earth does one take to China?"

Gail said, "You mustn't go to China, Hildreth."

"I'm afraid I don't agree with you," Hildreth told her. "Why not?"

Gail said, "I came from Wisconsin to tell you that. But I didn't know the reason actually until I saw Gerry."

"Gerry?" Hildreth's clear eyes clouded. She would not forgive him for this either, she thought, angrily.

Gail said, "You were—kind, to see me. I appreciate it. I've done you nothing but disfavor."

She heard her own voice going on and on and then dying away, hopelessly. She had explained everything as she saw it, turned herself inside out, pleaded for Peter. And she was talking through and against a glass wall. She could see Hildreth and Hildreth could see her. But would not hear her. She admitted her defeat finally.

"I'm sorry, it's of no use, you won't listen. . . ." she said.

"Why should I?" asked Hildreth. She dropped a little heap of scented, fragile undergarments, walked over and leaned on the footrail of the bed. She said, "Perhaps you freed me, really. I should be grateful to you."

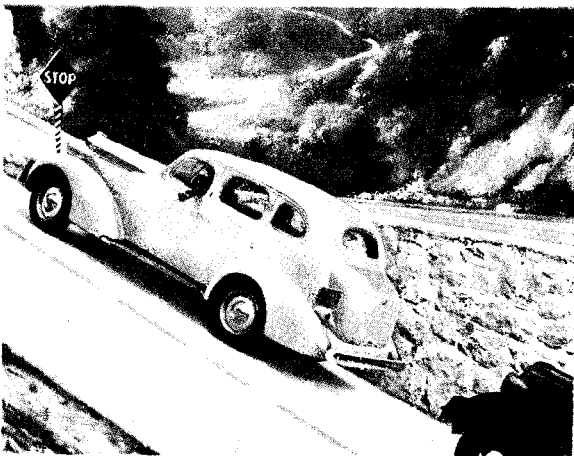
"You're not grateful!" cried Gail. Shame had passed and hope, and now an-

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ger took her. She said, "I'm not asking you to take Peter back on the old terms. On any terms. It would be horrible. Sitting across a table from him, night after night, thinking your hard thoughts, believing yourself generous. And I'm beginning to think I'm not so much to blame. What about you? If things had been right between you, would he have looked at me? He would not. You have everything," she said . . . "but understanding."

"Gail . . ."

"No, let me finish. Then I'll get out. If you'd gone to South America with him in the first place . . . before he ever set eyes on me . . ."

Hildreth said coolly:

"Peter is given to—whimsy. Is there any special reason why I should relinquish the sort of life I'd make for myself, my work, my friends . . . because he isn't satisfied with success, because he always wants to find new fields . . . what is the saying—another throat to cut . . . ? Moreover, there was Dolly . . ."

GAIL said, "She's in China now . . . or on her way there." She realized with astonishment that she hadn't any idea how long it took to get to China. She was briefly distracted by this trivial ignorance, and then went on, "And you're following her. To interfere. To make her dependent on you."

"I shall not interfere with Dolly," Hildreth told her, with acute dislike.

"Yes. You won't mean to . . . You can't count on her, now, for compensation. She and George will have to make their own life, whether you like it or not. Whether they like it or not. Peter once told me," Gail halted and flushed hotly, "that one couldn't possess anyone. Nobody can. I see what he meant now. You can't possess Dolly. . . . She belongs to herself and to her responsibilities. Peter's your responsibility—Dolly doesn't need you. Peter does."

"You're," commented Hildreth, "a little late in coming to that conclusion."

Gail said passionately:

"Oh, be human, for once! You forgot your responsibility or didn't care and I stepped in. Why didn't you make it impossible for me to get a foothold? This is your big chance, Hildreth . . . take it or leave it."

Hildreth said softly:

"What would you propose that I do . . . ?"

"Go to Peter. Stay with him. Uproot yourself. You'll hate it. That doesn't matter. You built something once, and tore it down. You must have torn it down, long before I knew Peter. Or it would have stood. You can go on building, in a new country. Unless," said Gail, haggard, "you don't love him." She stared at Hildreth a moment. She said slowly, "That's it, of course; you don't love him. I used to hope so. But today, I hoped you did."

She rose, picked up her handbag, said, without any attempt at a smile, a gesture of farewell, "I came to say this, I've said it, and it all sounds pretty silly. You see all along I've believed that you cared for Peter, in a way. Not his way, perhaps. Not my way. But in your own way."

When she had gone, Hildreth sat down on the bed and regarded the closed door. She thought, in the melodramatic terms of everyday life . . . How dare she?

And then she thought, Would I dare? Beginning again, helping Peter to the success he loved and she still hated. Wings over the world. Thunder and wings, disturbing, ominous. Guns. Young men going out to kill and be killed and women waiting, twisting their hands. That's what Peter's success stood for. She felt it, she had always felt it. Nothing would reconcile her to it. She had lived almost all her married life on money she despised. Lived enjoyably, spent, given away, saved.

A butcher's wife, she thought, a baker's wife, a banker's. That's what I should have been. A flat somewhere and a troop of noisy children. A little suburban place, women for bridge, a back-yard garden . . . or a great house, pleasant people, and servants moving noiselessly and when people spoke of war, saying, conventionally, "Oh, how horrible, let's not talk about it, it can't happen again, can it?"

But if she had never known Peter she would not have felt this way about war . . . and airplanes . . . and life . . .

She said to herself, linking her hands, "But I do love him, of course . . ."

Transplanting herself, not seeing Dolly for years perhaps, meeting strangers, trying to unlearn so very much, trying to make herself over, in order to content him, trying to find the word, the emotion, the touch, the prayer which would release her from her long self-bondage.

She found herself crying. She was saying aloud, "It wasn't my fault!" She was talking as if Peter were sitting there near her, asking her why things had gone wrong. But she'd told him, that last night on Long Island . . .

"It wasn't my fault, Peter. Do you think I wanted it to be like that?"

She said to herself, this time in silence, "There's only one thing to do, then. Start over."

At forty-odd?

She wasn't old. She was young, she had beauty still and grace. She had preserved her youth, as if in ice. She might lose her youth, under the hot, strange sun, under the confusion of pity and loneliness; she might age, her delicate skin wither, her eyes grow less clear . . . And she would rebel, a hundred times . . .

"Oh, Peter," she said voicelessly, "if I only knew what was best for us both."

What was it Gail had said, young, scornful, muddled, and so intent on setting straight the tangle she had made. But Gail had said it wasn't her tangle.

Gail had said, "Dolly doesn't need you. Peter does."

Perhaps, thought Hildreth, and her heart lifted, perhaps that was the releasing word, the key in the lock. An old word, a worn key, smooth with the centuries and with the fingers which had clutched at it. There'd never been a time, before, when Peter had needed her. He hadn't needed her when she walked in a French garden, a romantic schoolgirl. He'd wanted her. Which was different. He'd been sufficient to himself. Later, it had been she who had needed him and he not there. And afterward, as the years went on and they were man and woman, he had had his silver planes and his factory and his reaching-out interests. No, he hadn't needed her. Not in essentials.

Or had he, and she not knowing?

SHE went to the desk and sat down before it. She pulled out a cable blank and sat looking at it. What would she say . . . "Wait for me . . . ?"

Yes, that was it. When she reached him she could tell him, "We'll go back, we'll settle things, we'll ship what we want . . . meantime we can find a house." But now . . . just—"Wait for me . . ."

Yet there must be something, she thought, more definite. She picked up the telephone and called Gerry Downing at the plant. When she heard his voice she steadied her own. She was cool, utterly herself, asking him to do her a small, inconsiderable favor.

"Gerry? Will you look up the airplane schedule to South America for me . . . ? From Miami, isn't it? Oh, yes. I forgot you knew. I can be ready . . . tomorrow. Will you book me a passage through to Rio de Janeiro . . . ?"

Wait for me, Peter. The heart, too, has wings.

(To be concluded next week)

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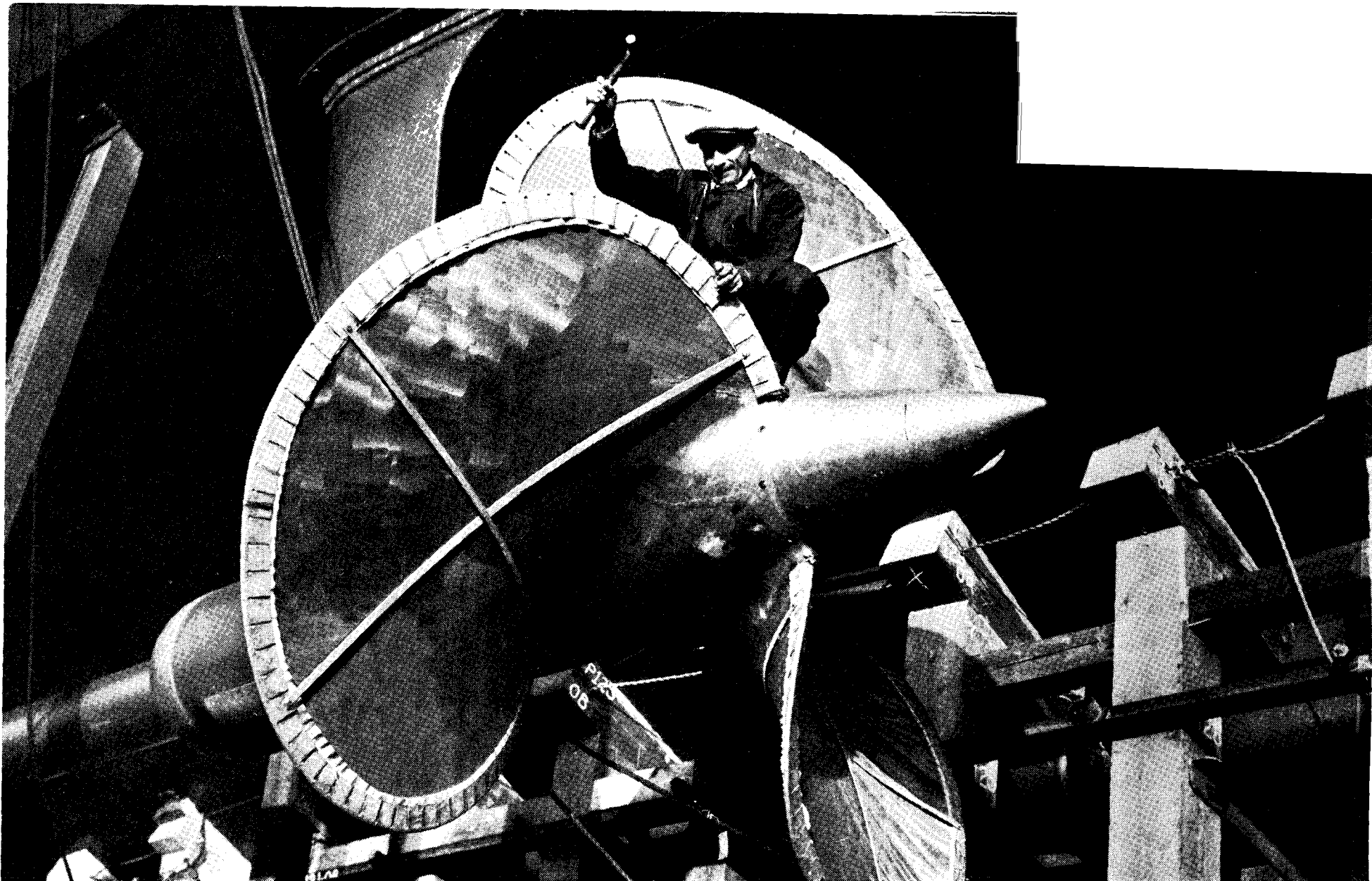
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COLLIER

OUR government has decided to build two new battleships. The best and the biggest money can buy will be none too good. Each ship will cost about \$50,000,000.

We are going to spend some hundreds of millions for fighting material in spite of the fact that we don't want to fight anybody and we have other use for the money. We are peaceful people and a pacific Administration is in office.

But while he went to South America to exert his influence in behalf of peace, President Roosevelt was impelled to decide on an enlarged navy-building program. Other governments called the tune for that dance.

Japan in particular compelled us and compelled Great Britain, too, to build more and fiercer fighting ships. Up to the end of last month all the great nations except Germany and Russia were bound by an agreement not to indulge in navy-building competition.

This agreement was made when Chief Justice Hughes was President Harding's Secretary of State. Under it the great powers agreed to maintain existing naval ratios which then practically were measured by 5 for the United States, 5 for Great Britain and 3 for Japan.

Mr. Hughes' treaty lasted some fifteen years and saved us and other nations billions of dollars which otherwise would have been poured into fighting ships. But the treaty is dead, very dead, now and so once more we are spending millions for arms which we would certainly want in case of war.

The naval treaty was killed ostensibly be-

Sea Race

cause the Japanese thought the numerical ratio 5-5-3 hurtful to their proper national pride. Japanese agitators said that the 5 to 3 business implied inferiority on their part. Obviously a proud people would resent any such implication. So the Japanese naval officers compelled their government to denounce the treaty. Accordingly all restraints are removed and every nation, including the peace-loving, is free to devote all the money and all the inventive skill it can muster to assemble the most formidable weapons of destruction.

The naval competition now developing is not precisely a pretty picture. We would rather employ our chemists and metal workers at other jobs. But if we must build, we will build. It is probable that in any such competition American resources will not be depleted quickly.

Perhaps the Japanese militarists who forced the United States and Great Britain to resume naval construction on a large scale may in time be restrained by their own good sense or even by the protests of their own people. For the present, however, they and their Fascist allies in Italy and Germany have darkened the outlook for everybody.

Every generation has apparently to re-discover for itself some of the painful realities of life. The Japanese military group seems to think that force is all that is required.

Unfortunately, however, for the milita-

rists, aggression always stimulates its own opposition. The Japanese may have been thinking merely of China, but other nations observe what goes on and take precautions. Mussolini might have focused all his attention on the Ethiopians but, actually, he induced the British and the French to pool their interests and agree upon a common policy.

Hitler may have been thinking merely of his domestic problems, but his warlike talk and his rearmament program stimulated Great Britain to hurry along the present intensive rearmament program, and it was the principal factor in persuading Russia and France to form a new alliance.

So the boisterous fellows who imagine that by a show of force they may quickly acquire greatness are finding new and complicated opposition. Japan gets no advantage out of our new battleships. Japan is not benefited by naval building at Singapore. Germany is not helped by its Japanese treaty aimed at Russia. On the contrary, Germany by this act seems to be alienating the British, who proved useful friends in the past.

The civilized attitude is that pursued by our government and, during recent years, by all democratic governments. We want to trade but we don't want to steal. We don't intend by force to take anything which belongs to anyone else. We don't want to fight and we won't provoke anyone else to fight.

Affairs can be managed. War can be avoided. Meanwhile, we shall begin building a new navy which we hope we shall never have to use in active warfare.

COLLIER

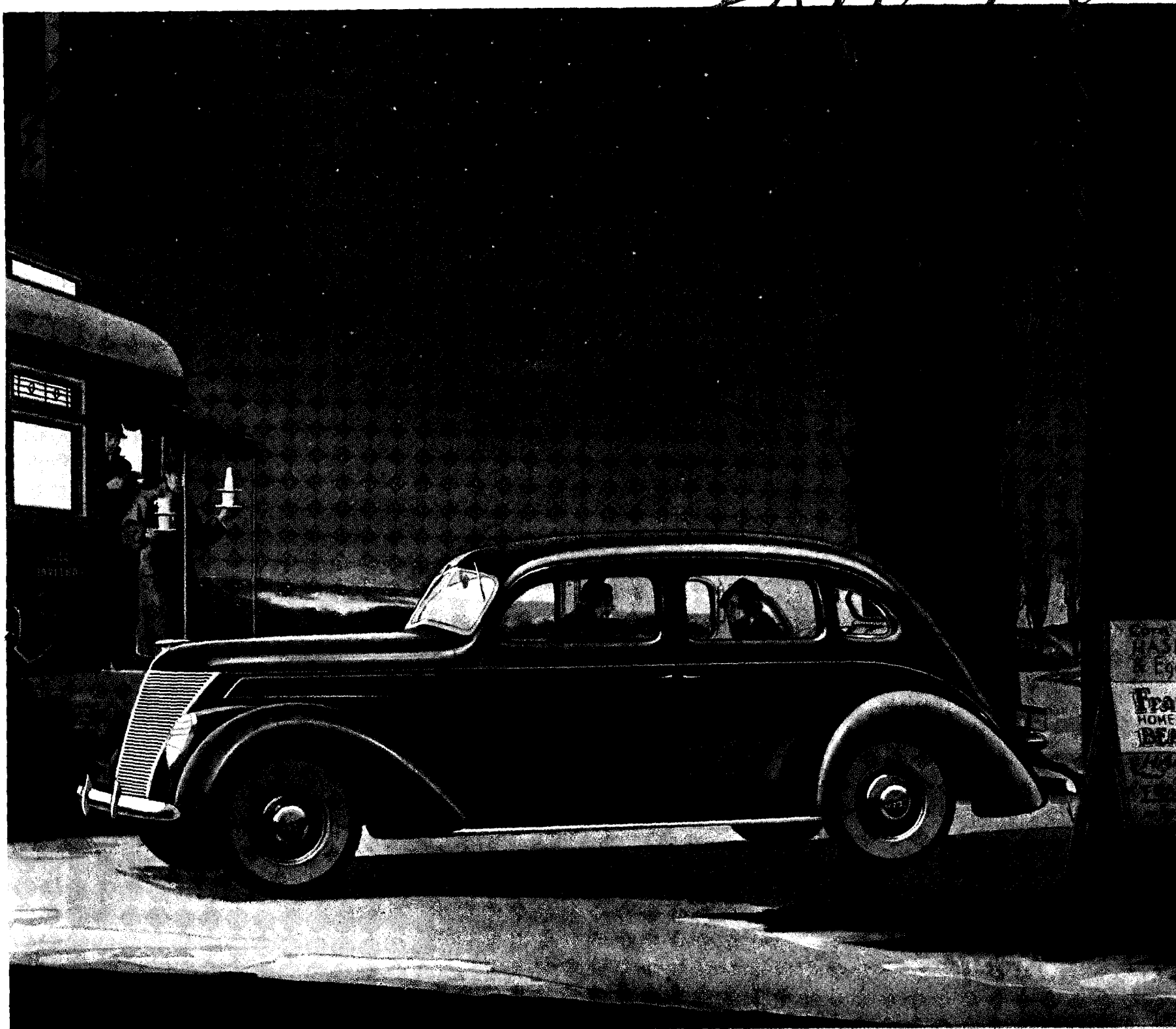
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